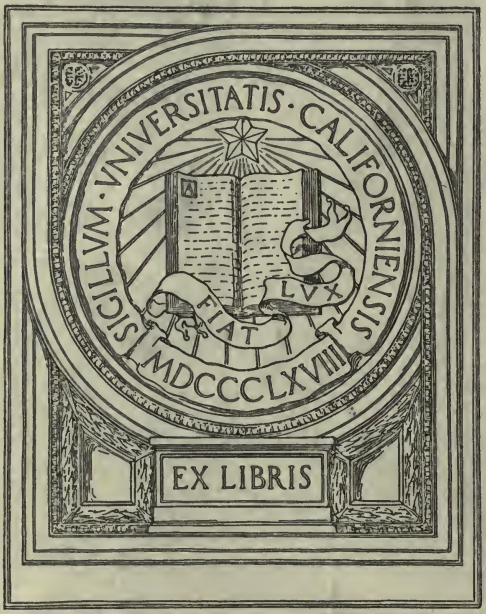
IN MEMORIAM
GEORGE HOLMES HOWISON



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MR. DOOLEY'S OPINIONS

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Mr. Dooley's Opinions

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Mr. Dooley's Opinions

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

"WHAT 'S Christyan Science?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"'T is wan way iv gettin' th' money," said Mr. Dooley.

"But what 's it like?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "ye have somethin' th' matther with ye. Ye have a leg cut off."

"Th' Lord save us!" exclaimed Mr. Hennessy.

"That is, ye think ye have," Mr. Dooley went on. "Ye think ye have a leg cut off. Ye see it goin' an' says ye to ye'ersilf: 'More expinse. A wooden leg.' Ye think ye have lost it. But ye 're wrong. Ye 're as well as iver ye was. Both legs is attached to ye, on'y ye don't know it. Ye call up a Christyan Scientist, or ye'er wife does. Not manny men is Christyan Scientists, but near all women is, in wan way or another. Ye'er wife calls up a Christyan Scientist, an' says she: 'Me husband thinks he 's lost a leg,' she says. 'Nonsense,' says th' Christyan Scientist, she says, f'r she 's a woman too. 'Nonsense,' says she.

'No wan iver lost a leg,' she says. 'Well, 't is sthrange,' says th' wife. 'He's mislaid it, thin,' she says, 'f'r he has n't got it,' she says. 'He on'y thinks he's lost it,' says th' Christyan Scientist. 'Lave him think it on again,' she says. 'Lave him raymimber,' she says, 'they'se no such thing in th' wurruld,' she says, 'as pain an' injury,' she says. 'Lave him to put his mind hard to it,' she says, 'an' I'll put mine,' she says, 'an' we'll all put our minds to it, an' 't will be all r-right,' she says. So she thinks an' th' wife thinks an' ye think th' best ye know how, an' afther awhile a leg comes peepin' out with a complete set iv tootsies, an' be th' time th' las' thought is expinded, ye have a set iv as well-matched gambs as ye iver wore to a picnic. But ye must n't stop thinkin' or ye'er wife or th' Christyan Scientist. If wan iv ye laves go th' rope, th' leg 'll get discouraged an' quit growin'. Manny a man 's sprouted a limb on'y to have it stop between th' ankle an' th' shin because th' Christyan Scientist was called away to see what ailed th' baby."

"Sure, 't is all foolishness," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, sir, who can tell?" said Mr. Dooley. "If it was n't f'r medical pro-gress, I'd be sure th' Christyan Scientists was wrong. But th' doctor who attinded me whin I was young 'd be thought as loonatical if he was alive to-day as th' mos' Christyan Scientist that iver ray-jooced a swellin' over a long-distance tillyphone. He

inthrajooced near th' whole parish into this life iv sin an' sorrow, he give us calomel with a shovel, bled us like a polis captain, an' niver thought anny medicine was good if it did n't choke ye goin' down. I can see him now as he come up dhrivin' an ol' gray an' yellow horse in a buggy. He had whiskers that he cud tie in a knot round his waist, an' him an' th' priest was th' on'y two men in th' neighborhood that carried a goold watch. He used to say 't was th' healthiest parish in th' wurruld, barrin' hangin's an' thransportations, an' thim come in Father Hickey's province. Ivrybody thought he was a gr-reat man, but they wudden't lave him threat a spavin in these days. He was catch-as-catch-can, an' he 'd tackle annythin' fr'm pnoomony iv th' lungs to premachure baldness. He 'd niver heerd iv mickrobes an' nayther did I till a few years ago, whin I was tol' they was a kind iv animals or bugs that crawled around in ye like spiders. I see pitchers iv thim in th' pa-apers with eyes like pooched eggs till I dhreamed wan night I was a hayloft full iv bats. Thin th' dock down th' sthreet set me r-right. He says th' mickrobes is a vigitable, an' ivry man is like a conservatory full iv millyons iv these potted plants. Some ar-re good f'r ye, an' some ar-re bad. Whin th' chube roses an' geranyums is flourishin' an' liftin' their dainty petals to th' sun, ye 're healthy, but whin th' other flower gets th' best iv these nosegays, 'tis time to call in a doctor. Th' doctor

is a kind iv gardner f'r ye. 'T is his business f'r to encourage th' good mickrobes, makin' two pansies grow where wan grew befure, an' to hoe out th' Canajeen thistle an' th' milkweed.

"Well, that sounds all r-right, an' I sind f'r a doctor. 'Dock,' says I, 'me vilets ar-re thinnin' out, an' I feel as though I was full iv sage brush,' I say. Th' dock puts a glass chube in me mouth an' says, 'Don't bite it.' 'D' ye think I'm a glass eater?' says I, talkin' through me teeth like a Kerry lawyer. 'What's it f'r?' I says. 'To take ye'er timprachoor,' says he. While I have th' chube in me mouth, he jabs me thumb with a needle an' laves th' room. He comes back about th' time I'm r-ready to sthrangle an' removes th' chube. 'How high does she spout?' says I. 'Ninety-nine,' says he. 'Good hivens!' says I. 'Don't come near me, dock, or ye'll be sun sthruck,' I says. 'I've just examined ye'er blood,' he says. 'Ye're full iv weeds,' he says. Be that time I'm scared to death, an' I say a few prayers, whin he fixes a hose to me chest an' begins listenin'. 'Annythin' goin' on inside?' says I. 'T is ye'er heart,' says he. 'Glory be!' says I. 'What's th' matther with that ol' ingine?' says I. 'I cud tell ye,' he says, 'but I'll have to call in Dock Vinthricle, th' specyalist,' he says. 'I ought n't be lookin' at ye'er heart at all,' he says. 'I niver larned below th' chin, an' I'd be fired be th' Union if they knew I was wurrukin' on th'

heart,' he says. So he sinds f'r Dock Vinthricle, an' th' dock climbs me chest an' listens, an' thin he says: 'They'se somethin' th' matther with his lungs too,' he says. 'At times they're full iv air, an' again,' he says, 'they ain't,' he says. 'Sind f'r Bellows,' he says. Bellows comes an' pounds me as though I was a roof he was shinglin', an' sinds f'r Dock Laporatteny. Th' dock sticks his finger into me side. 'What's that f'r?' says I. 'That's McBurney's point,' he says. 'I don't see it,' says I. 'McBurney must have had a fine sinse iv humor.' 'Did it hurt?' says he. 'Not,' says I, 'as much as though ye'd used an awl,' says I, 'or a chisel,' I says; 'but,' I says, 'it did n't tickle,' I says.

"He shakes his head an' goes out iv th' room with th' others, an' they talk it over at tin dollars a minyit while I'm layin' there at two dollars a day — docked. Whin they come back, wan iv thim says: 'This here is a mos' inthrestin' case, an' we must have th' whole class take a look into it,' he says. 'It' means me, Hinnissy. 'Dock,' he says. 'Ye will remove its brain. Vinthricle, ye will have its heart, an', Bellows, ye will take its lungs. As f'r me,' he says, 'I will add wan more vermiform appindix to me belt,' he says. ''T is sthrange how our foolish predecessors,' says he, 'niver got on to th' dangers iv th' vermiform appindix,' he says. 'I have no doubt that that's what kilt Methusalem,' he says. So they mark

out their wurruk on me with a piece iv red chalk, an' if I get well I look like a rag carpet. Sometimes they lave things in ye, Hinnissy. I knowed a man wanst, Moriarty was his name, Tim Moriarty, an' he had to be hemstitched hurridly because they was goin' to be a ball game that day, an' they locked up in him two sponges, a saw, an ice-pick, a goold watch, an' a pair iv curlin' irons belongin' to wan iv th' nurses. He tol' me he did n't feel well but he did n't think annythin' iv it till he noticed that he jingled whin he walked.

"That's what they do with ye nowadays, Hinnissy. Ivry time I go into Dock Cassidy's office, he gives me a look that makes me wisht I 'd wore a suit iv chain armor. His eyes seem to say, 'Can I come in?' Between th' Christyan Scientists an' him, 't is a question iv whether ye want to be threated like a loonytic or like a can iv presarved vigitables. Father Kelly says th' styles iv medicine changes like th' styles iv hats. Whin he was a boy, they give ye quinine f'r whativer ailed ye, an' now they give ye sthrychnine, an' nex' year they 'll be givin' ye proosic acid, maybe. He says they 're findin' new things th' matther with ye ivry day, an' ol' things that have to be taken out, ontil the time is comin' whin not more thin half iv us 'll be rale, an' th' rest 'll be rubber. He says they ought to enforce th' law iv assault with a deadly weepin again th' doctors. He says that if they knew less

about pizen an' more about gruel, an' opened fewer patients an' more windows, they'd not be so manny Christyan Scientists. He says th' diff'rence between Christyan Scientists an' doctors is that Christyan Scientists think they'se no such thing as disease, an' doctors think there ain't annythin' else. An' there ye ar-re."

"What d'ye think about it?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I think," said Mr. Dooley, "that if th' Christyan Scientists had some science an' th' doctors more Christyanity, it wudden't make anny diff'rence which ye called in — if ye had a good nurse."

LIFE AT NEWPORT

LIFE AT NEWPORT

"GREAT goin's on at Newport," said Mr. Dooley.

"What's Newport?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"I r-read about it ivry day in th' pa-aper," said Mr. Dooley; "an' I know. 'T is th' socyal capital iv America this here pa-aper says. 'T is like Wash'nton, on'y it costs more. 'T is where th' socyal ligislachure meets wanst a year an' decides how long we 'll wear our coats this season an' how often, an' how our yachts 'll be cut an' our frinds. 'T is there th' millyionaire meets his wife that was an' inthrajooces her to his wife that is to be if she can break away fr'm her husband that ought n't to 've been.

"Yes, sir, it must be th' gran' place. But 't is no aisy thing livin' there. In th' first place, ye must have th' money an' ye must have th' look iv havin' it, an' ye must look as though it belonged to ye. That last 's th' hardest thing iv all. No matther how much coin a man has if it has n't been siparated fr'm th' man that arned it so long that th' man that has it can go ar-round without th' fear iv a mechanic's lien in his eye, they tear up his ticket at th' box-office. Not f'r him th' patent midicine dance

where th' nobility goes as little liver pills, not f'r him th' vigitable party where th' signs iv aristocrasy appears radyantly clad as onions an' egg-plants, not f'r him th' jolt fr'm Mrs. Bilcoort or th' quick left fr'm Mrs. Rasther. He 's set back to about Cooney Island, an' there he stays till his money stops baggin' at th' knees an' climbin' up over th' collar.

"But 't is th' millyionaire's dhream to land there. He starts in as foreman in a can facthry. By an' by, he larns that wan iv th' men wurrukin' f'r him has invinted a top that ye can opin with a pair iv scissors, an' he throws him down an' takes it away fr'm him. He 's a robber, says ye? He is while he 's got th' other man down. But whin he gets up, he 's a magnate. Thin he sells out his wurruks to a thrust, an' thin he sells out th' thrust to th' thrustful, an' thin he begins his weary march to Newport. First he has a house on Mitchigan Avnoo with ir'n dogs on th' lawn. Then he builds a palachial mansion at Oconomowoc. They 're beginnin' to hear about him now. Thin he moves down to th' sea-shore an' roughs it with th' Purytans, an' fin'lly he lands. 'T is a summer's mornin' as his yacht steams slowly up to Newport. Th' aged millyionaire is propped up on th' deck, an' as th' sunlight sthrikes th' homes iv luxury an' alimony, a smile crosses his face. 'Is that th' house iv Mrs. Rasther?' he says. 'It is,' says th' weepin' fam'ly. 'An' is that where Mr. A. E. I. O. U.

an' sometimes W. an' Y. Belcoort lives an' has his bein'?' 'That's th' house.' 'Thin,' he says, 'put me congress gaiters undher th' bed an' hide me fine-cut where none can see it,' he says. 'I die contint,' he says."

"What do they do there?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, 't is hard f'r me to make out," said Mr. Dooley. "They must have their own throubles. Ivry day I r-read in th' pa-aper iv a horrible catastrophe at Newport. Here ye ar-re to-day. 'Misther Willie Hankerbilt met with a mos' dhreadful an' provokin' accident to-day. While dhrivin' his cillybrated gasoline, Booney-Mooney five hundherd power autymobile, Purple Assassin, at a modhrate rate iv wan hundherd miles an hour, accompanied be th' beautiful Countess Eckstein (who was formerly Mrs. Casey-Kelly, whose husband's marredge with her aunt was cillybrated at Saint Gogo's-on-th'-hill las' week), he was r-run into be wan Thomas Sullivan, a painther employed be Mrs. Reginald Steenevant, who is soon to occupy th' handsome house, Dove Villa, which is part iv th' settlement allowed her be th' Dakota coorts. Mr. Hankerbilt was onable to turn aside to avoid th' collision, an' it was on'y be a supreme effort that he kep' fr'm bein' tipped over. He showed rare prisince iv mind, on which he was congrathulated be th' whole colony. Sullivan showed no prisince iv mind at all ayether before or afther death. Manny iv th' cottagers ar-re talkin' iv

havin' a law passed compellin' pedesthreens to ring a bell an' blow a hor-rn on their way to wurruk, otherwise they won't be a whole tire left in Newport.

"An' if it is n't bein' bumped into be pedesthreens, it's bein' almost upset in a yacht or bein' almost dhrowned swimmin', or almost suffycated at a garden party. An' thin there ar-re burglars. There ar-re burglars that break into ye'er house, an' there ar-re burglars that creep up behind ye an' give ye a wallop with a piece iv pipe an' steal ye'er dinner nights. Ye heerd about poor Mrs. Rasther. Well, sir, I almost cried. Ye see, whoiver it was med Newport, whin he laid out th' spicifycations set aside two days ivry week f'r Mrs. Rasther's dinner. On thim days Mrs. Rasther was to eat. I don't know what she done on th' other days. But two dinners a week ain't much f'r even a lady an' light feeder, an' ye can imagine this poor woman countin' th' days. 'Sundah, July eight, on'y two days to victuals.' 'Mondah, July nine, twinty-four hours to th' groceries.' 'Choosdah, have n't time to write me di'ry.' 'Winsdah, in bed, docther thinks nawthin' seeryous.' Well, sir, wud ye believe it, ye won't, some onscrupylous persons, some shop-lifters, disgeesed as s'ciety leaders, some criminals, took off their shoes an' crept in an' hooked Mrs. Rasther's dinner nights. Stole thim, be hivins. Lifted thim off th' line. I don't know how they done it, but here it is in th' pa-aper: 'Newport much

excited. Mrs. Rasther's dinner nights stolen.' I hope they'll get afther thim Red Learies iv Newport s'ciety an' sintince thim, an' I hope th' polis'll raycover Mrs. Rasther's dinner nights an' she can identify th' goods. What's it to be a s'ciety leader if ye can't eat. 'T is an impty honor, be hivins. They'se nawthin' to it."

"Well, why do they live there if it gives thim so much trouble?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I guess they ain't much diff'rence between th' very rich an' th' very poor. In th' ol' counthry whin a man got th' money, he used to buy an estate an' thry to get as far away fr'm annywan else as he cud, an' th' on'y time he see annywan was whin he wint to Dublin f'r horse show week an' sold all his spavined horses to th' hated Sassenach, an' come back an' sobered up. But here 't is diff'rent. Rich or poor, we want to be in sight an' sound iv neighbors or they'se no fun in life. What made Mrs. Mulligan rayfuse las' year to go to live on th' tin acres her rich brother, th' plumber, offered her rint free? She needed comp'ny. She wanted to be where she cud get th' smell iv th' neighbors' cookin' an' brush th' clothes line aside an' talk acrost th' alley with Mrs. Schmittschmitt an' see rollickin' Terry Duffy go by on his autymobile ringin' up fares. So it is with th' millyionaire. He's got to have some wan to set on th' stoop iv his yacht with him chattin' about matthers iv th' Union,

while his wife has th' s'ciety iv other millyionaires' wives an' can give little Reggy or Clarissa eight dollars an' sind thim down to th' corner f'r a pail iv champagne. As more millyionaires comes up, th' place 'll be more an' more crowded. It 'll be a conjisted disthrict, an' we 'll r-read in th' pa-apers iv a millyionaire an' fam'ly iv eight livin' in wan room with on'y about two-be-four iv oxygen f'r each person. No, sir, they ain't th' breadth iv ye'er hand's diff'rence between Mrs. Mulligan an' Mrs. Ganderbilk. If Tim Mulligan iver shovels his way into a thrust, Mrs. Mulligan 'd live at Newport, an' if Ganderbilk wint broke, Mrs. Ganderbilk wud be in a tiniment. 'T is th' socyal feelin', Hinnissy."

"We 're all alike," said Mr. Hennessy.

"They ain't more thin three or four hundherd millyion dollars diff'rence between us," said Mr. Dooley.

THE SUPREME COURT'S DECISIONS

THE SUPREME COURT'S DECISIONS

"I SEE," said Mr. Dooley, "Th' supreme coort has decided th' constitution don't follow th' flag."

"Who said it did?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Some wan," said Mr. Dooley. "It happened a long time ago an' I don't raymimber clearly how it come up, but some fellow said that ivrywhere th' constitution wint, th' flag was sure to go. 'I don't believe wan wurrud iv it,' says th' other fellow. 'Ye can't make me think th' constitution is goin' thrapezin' around ivrywhere a young liftnant in th' ar-rmy takes it into his head to stick a flag pole. It 's too old. It 's a home-stayin' constitution with a blue coat with brass buttons onto it, an' it walks with a goold-headed cane. It 's old an' it 's feeble an' it prefers to set on th' front stoop an' amuse th' childher. It wudden't last a minyit in thim thropical climes. 'T wud get a pain in th' fourteenth amindmint an' die befure th' doctors cud get ar-round to cut it out. No, sir, we'll keep it with us, an' threat it tenderly without too much

hard wurruk, an' whin it plays out entirely we 'll give it dacint buryal an' incorp'rate oursilves under th' laws iv Noo Jarsey. That 's what we 'll do,' says he. 'But,' says th' other, 'if it wants to thravel, why not lave it?' 'But it don't want to.' 'I say it does.' 'How 'll we find out?' 'We 'll ask th' supreme coort. They 'll know what 's good f'r it.' "

"So it wint up to th' supreme coort. They 'se wan thing about th' supreme coort, if ye lave annything to thim, ye lave it to thim. Ye don't get a check that entitles ye to call f'r it in an hour. The supreme coort iv th' United States ain't in anny hurry about catchin' th' mails. It don't have to make th' las' car. I 'd back th' Aujitoroom again it anny day f'r a foot race. If ye're lookin' f'r a game iv quick decisions an' base hits, ye 've got to hire another empire. It niver gives a decision till th' crowd has dispersed an' th' players have packed their bats in th' bags an' started f'r home.

"F'r awhile ivrybody watched to see what th' supreme coort wud do. I knew mesilf I felt I cudden't make another move in th' game till I heerd fr'm thim. Buildin' op'rations was suspinded an' we sthud wringin' our hands outside th' dure waitin' f'r information fr'm th' bedside. 'What 're they doin' now?' 'They just put th' argymints iv larned counsel in th' ice box an' th' chief justice is in a corner writin' a pome. Brown J. an' Harlan J. is dis-

cussin' th' condition iv th' Roman Empire befure th' fire. Th' r-rest iv th' coort is considherin' th' question iv whether they ought or ought not to wear ruchin' on their skirts an' hopin' crinoline won't come in again. No decision to-day?' An' so it wint f'r days, an' weeks an' months. Th' men that had argyied that th' constitution ought to shadow th' flag to all th' tough resorts on th' Passyfic coast an' th' men that argyied that th' flag was so lively that no constitution cud follow it an' survive, they died or lost their jobs or wint back to Salem an' were f'rgotten. Expansionists contracted an' anti-expansionists blew up an' little childher was born into th' wurruld an' grew to manhood an' niver heerd iv Porther Ricky except whin some won get a job there. I'd about made up me mind to thry an' put th' thing out iv me thoughts an' go back to wurruk when I woke up wan mornin' an' see be th' pa-aper that th' Supreme Coort had warned th' constitution to lave th' flag alone an' tind to its own business.

"That's what th' pa-aper says, but I've r-read over th' decision an' I don't see annything iv th' kind there. They 'se not a wurrud about th' flag an' not enough to tire ye about th' constitution. 'T is a matther iv limons, Hinnissy, that th' Supreme Coort has been settin' on f'r this gineration — a cargo iv limons sint fr'm Porther Ricky to some Eyetalian in Philydelphy. Th' decision was r-read be Brown J., him bein' th' las' justice to make up his

mind, an' ex-officio, as Hogan says, th' first to speak, afther a crool an' bitther contest. Says Brown J.: 'Th' question here is wan iv such gr-reat importance that we've been sthrugglin' over it iver since ye see us las' an' on'y come to a decision (Fuller C. J., Gray J., Harlan J., Shiras J., McKenna J., White J., Brewer J., an' Peckham J. dissentin' fr'm me an' each other) because iv th' hot weather comin' on. Wash'n'ton is a dhreadful place in summer (Fuller C. J. dissentin'). Th' whole fabric iv our government is threatened, th' lives iv our people an' th' pro-gress iv civilization put to th' bad. Men ar-re excited. But why? We ar-re not. (Harlan J., "I am." Fuller C. J. dissentin', but not f'r th' same reason.) This thing must be settled wan way or th' other undher that dear ol' constitution be varchue iv which we are here an' ye ar-re there an' Congress is out West practicin' law. Now what does th' constitution say? We 'll look it up thoroughly whin we get through with this case (th' rest iv th' coort dissentin'). In th' manetime we must be governed be th' ordnances iv th' Khan iv Beloochistan, th' laws iv Hinnery th' Eighth, th' opinyon iv Justice iv th' Peace Oscar Larson in th' case iv th' township iv Red Wing varsus Petersen, an' th' Dhred Scott decision. What do they say about limons? Nawthin' at all. Again we take th' Dhred Scott decision. This is wan iv th' worst I iver r-read. If I cudden't write a betther wan with blindhers

on, I 'd leap off th' bench. This horrible fluke iv a decision throws a gr-reat, an almost dazzlin' light on th' case. I will turn it off. (McKenna J. concurs, but thinks it ought to be blowed out.) But where was I? I must put on me specs. Oh, about th' limons. Well, th' decision iv th' Coort (th' others dissentin') is as follows: First, that th' Disthrict iv Columbya is a state; second, that it is not; third, that New York is a state; fourth, that it is a crown colony; fifth, that all states ar-re states an' all territories ar-re territories in th' eyes iv other powers, but Gawd knows what they ar-re at home. In th' case iv Hogan varsus Mullins, th' decision is he must paper th' barn. (Hinnery VIII, sixteen, six, four, eleven.) In Wiggins varsus et al. th' cow belonged. (Louis XIV, 90 in rem.) In E. P. Vigore varsus Ad Lib., the custody iv th' childher. I 'll now fall back a furlong or two in me chair, while me larned but misguided collagues r-read th' Histhry iv Iceland to show ye how wrong I am. But mind ye, what I 've said goes. I let thim talk because it exercises their throats, but ye 've heard all th' decision on this limon case that 'll get into th' fourth reader.' A voice fr'm th' audjeence, 'Do I get me money back?' Brown J.: 'Who ar-re ye?' Th' Voice: 'Th' man that ownded th' limons.' Brown J.: 'I don't know.' (Gray J., White J., dissentin' an' th' r-rest iv th' birds concurrin' but f'r entirely diff'rent reasons.)

"An' there ye have th' decision, Hinnissy, that's shaken th' intellicts iv th' nation to their very foundations, or will if they thry to read it. 'T is all r-right. Look it over some time. 'T is fine spoort if ye don't care f'r checkers. Some say it laves th' flag up in th' air an' some say that's where it laves th' constitution. Annyhow, something's in th' air. But there 's wan thing I 'm sure about."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"That is," said Mr. Dooley, "no matther whether th' constitution follows th' flag or not, th' supreme coort follows th' iliction returns."

DISQUALIFYING THE ENEMY

DISQUALIFYING THE ENEMY

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "th' English ar-re goin' to end th' Boer War. They 've taken th' final steps. It 's as good as finished."

"What ar-re they doin'?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Ye see," said Mr. Dooley, "th' gover'mint is tired iv th' way th' war 's been goin'. It 's becomin' a nuisance. Whin rayspictable English people go to war, they don't ixpict to have to keep it up foriver. They 'se other things to do. But th' Boers wudden't stop. Manny attimpts was made to con-cilyate thim. 'If ye will lay down ye'er ar-rms an' cut ye 'er hair,' said Lord Roberts iv Candyhar an' Cork an' Pretorya an' th' dominyons beyond th' sea, 'an' f'rget Kruger an larn to sing Gawd save th' king, ye 'll be allowed to stand again a wall an' be shot. Otherwise,' he says, 'I 'll soon have to take dhrastic measures again ye,' he says. 'No,' says th' Boers, 'we 're sorry, but we must rayfuse ye'er kind wurrud iv welcome. Nawthin'

wud give us more pleasure thin to pro-vide good target practice f'r ye'er galliant la-ads,' they says. 'They need it,' says they. 'But,' they says, 'gr-reat as wud be th' honor iv bein' burrid in th' Union Jack with a brass band to play over us, we like th' glad free an' dishon'rable life iv th' veldt,' they says. 'We must stay out an' injye th' rural scenery awhile. How do we know,' says they, 'but wan iv th' firin' squad might n't shut his eyes an' hit us?' says they. 'Well,' says Lord Roberts iv th' city directhry, 'if that 's th' case,' he says, 'I 'm goin' home,' he says, 'an' capture a few more cities f'r me title,' he says. 'I niver fought such a mob iv rude ungovernable savages in me life,' he says. 'I quit ye,' he says. An' he wint away an' left Lord Kitchener to r-run th' game. Lord Kitchener's a gr-reat man. He 's kilt more naygurs thin annything but watermilons. He thried concilyatin' th' inimy. He hanged thim whin he caught thim. Whin an English marksman gets that kind iv a dhrop on a man, he niver misses. But still th' Boers rayfused to come in. Thin th' war was renewed with gr-reat inergy. Ye r-read in th' pa-apers ivry day iv a threemenjous engagement. 'Th' column undher th' Hon. Lord Ginral T. Puntington-Canew met to-day an' defeated with gr-reat loss th' Kootzenhammer commando, consistin' iv Mr. an' Mrs. Kootzenhammer, their son August, their daughter Lena an' Baby Kootzenhammer, who was in ar-rums an' will be

exicuted accordin' to the decrees iv May tinth, fifteenth an' sixteenth an' June ninth, — whin caught. Th' Hon. Lord Gin'ral Puntington-Canew rayports that he captured wan cow, wan duck, wan pound iv ham, two cans iv beans, an' a baby carredge. Th' commando escaped. Th' gin'ral larned fr'm th' cow, who has been shot, that th' Boers ar-re in disprate condition an' cannot hold out much longer. I ricommind that th' Hon. Lord Gin'ral T. Puntington-Canew be made a jook an' receive a grant iv wan millyon pounds sterling. He departed f'r home yesterdah, havin' seen nearly a week iv sarvice be flood an' field.' How th' Boers sthud up to it, Hinnissy, I niver can tell. I 've been countin' up their casulties, an' they 've lost enough cows to keep Armour goin' a year. Wan iv th' things a British sojer 'll have to larn afther this, is th' care iv a cow.

"Still, in spite iv th' ravages iv th' Dairymen's Own, th' Boers rayfused to come in an' be governed, so th' cabinet held a meetin'. 'T is manifest,' says Lord Sal'sbry, 'that this thing has gone as far as it can go in dacency,' he says. 'They 'se a time f'r all things,' he says, 'an' ivrything in its place,' he says. 'We can't keep three hunderd thousan' sojers an' th' rapid-fire pote Roodyard Kipling down there f'river. We need th' warryors at home to dhrive th' busses an' lade th' cotillyons an' they has n't been a good pome on th' butther an' egg market,

th' price iv stocks, th' prospects iv th' steel thrade, th' opening iv th' new undherground or th' mannyfacther iv bicycles since Roodyard wint away. I wonder if thim Boers don't think we have annything to do but chase thim f'r th' r-rest iv our lives. I move we put an end to it,' he says. But how was it to be done? Some iv th' cabinet that had been talkin' with th' warryor-iditors was in favor iv bilin' all captured Boers in ile, but 't was pinted out that this wud seem like home to a Boer. Some wanted to make Lord Milliner a jook but th' jooks was again this. An' 't was fin'lly decided afther a long an' arjoos debate, that th' war mus' be declared irrigular. Yes, sir, fr'm now on 't is a non-union war, 'tis again th' rules. Annywan engaged in it will be set back be th' stewards iv Henley.

"Lord Kitchener wrote th' notice. He 's a good writer. 'Ladies an' Gintlemen,' he says. 'This war as a war is now over. Ye may not know it but it 's so. Ye 've broke th' rules an' we give th' fight to oursilves on a foul. Th' first principle iv a war again England is that th' inimy shall wear r-red or purple coats with black marks f'r to indicate th' location iv vital organs be day an' a locomotive headlight be night. They shall thin gather within aisy range an' at th' wurrud "fire" shall fall down dead. Anny remainin' standin' aftherward will be considhered as spies. Shootin' back is not allowed be th' rules an' is

severely discountenanced be our ladin' military authorities. Anny attimpt at concealmint is threachery. Th' scand'lous habit iv pluggin' our gallant sojers fr'm behind rocks an' trees is a breach iv internaytional law. Rethreatin' whin pursooed is wan iv our copyrighted manoovers an' all infringemints will be prosecuted. At a wurrud fr'm us, th' war is over an' we own ye'er counthry. Ye will see fr'm this brief sketch that ye're no betther thin guerillas an' pirates, an' now be th' r-right vested in me be mesilf, I call on all persons carryin' on this needless, foolish, tiresome conflict whin I ought to be home dhraggin' down th' money fr'm parlymint, to come in an' be shot,' he says. 'If they don't,' says he, 'I'll con-fiscate their property that is desthroyed an' abolish their r-rights as citizens which they have none, an' charge thim a little something f'r th' care an' buryal iv their fam'lies,' he says.

"So there's th' finish iv th' Boers. They're out iv it now. They're enthries wudden't be accipted on anny thrack in th' wurruld. They have been set back f'r conduck onbecomin' an English officer an' a gintleman. Our Anglo-Saxon cousins acrost th' sea ar-re gr-reat people. They're a spoortin' people, Hinnissy. They know how to win. They'll race anny man's horse in th' wurruld if th' jockey won't sit th' way he thinks will make th' horse go fast. They'll row anny crew in th' wurruld if th' crew will train on beer an' cigareets an' won't be in a hurry to

get through. An' whin it comes to war, they have th' r-rest iv creation sittin' far back in th' rear iv th' hall. We have to lick our inimy. They disqualify him."

"I thought th' war was over, annyhow," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "if Chicago was as peaceful as South Africa, they'd be an agytation to rayjooce th' polis foorce. Th' war is over, Hinnissy, but th' English don't know it yet."

AMATEUR AMBASSADORS

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"I'M glad th' la-ads fr'm th' Noo York Chamber iv Commerce had a good time in England," said Mr. Dooley. "I don't know what a chamber iv commerce really is onless 't is a place where business men go to sleep, but annyhow, th' la-ads fr'm th' wan in Noo York have been callin' on th' other hands acrost th' sea, an' now we 're so firmly ceminted together again wanst more that ye cudden't tear us apart with a steam winch. They 've thravelled acrost th' ocean lavin' a thrail iv morthar behind thim like a bricklayer comin' home fr'm wurruk, an' they 've got me so closely knit with Lord Salsb'ry, first be ties iv blood, thin be a common language which we both speak at each other, an' fin'lly be a shovelful iv cemint, that I feel like wan iv th' enthries iv a three-legged race at a picnic.

"An' 't is on'y a few years ago whin if wan iv our chamber iv commerce wint to London, he was sarched at th' dock f'r countherfeit money an' sometimes, Hinnissy, successfully. I used to pick up a pa-aper an' r-read,

'Dhreadful accident to an American in England; Frozen to death at a Garden Party' or 'Singular occurrence at Chelsea; American gintleman thries to enter society through a thransom.' But that 's all past by, Hinnissy. 'T is all past and gone, an' we 're as welcome in England as if our language was less common an' our ties iv blood was n't ready made. Ye see, Hinnissy, an American business man, whin he 's in this counthry, is a business man an' that 's what he is. He 's down-town in th' mornin' at eight o'clock thryin' to beat a check to th' bank. He keeps wan eye on th' damper an' th' other on th' dure till six, an' thin he 's homeward bound in a cable car with a hand on th' sthrap an' another on his watch pocket. He leads a simple, pasthral life an' is widely an' pop'larly known as Cy. Th' on'y pollytics he 's intherested in is who 's goin' to be ilicted assissor an' how much an' whin he wants to know who 's sicrety iv state, he asks th' typewriter who 's just out of colledge an' has time to larn these gr-reat facts.

"But whin he goes to England, he 's another man. All we hear about him at th' time he laves, is that Cy 's been ast to partake iv th' Merry Roast beef iv ol' England, which he prob'bly met whin 't was on th' hoof, an' th' hands ar-re glad he 's got a vacation so that he can have a r-rest an' they can sind out th' pail without fear iv bein' docked. An' thin, lo an' behold! we pick up th' pa-apers an' see

that Cy 's suddenly become an ambassadure. They 've rayjooced Choate to th' r-ranks an' Cy is ambassadure exthraordin'ry an' invoy plinipotootionary, residin' at or near th' Coort iv St. James. He 's met at th' dock be th' King an' rile fam'ly, who escort him to th' rile lodgins in Windsor Castle, where he has a fr-rout room with a bath an' there 's a jook to unpack his thrunk. 'Yesterdah,' says Cy to th' rayporther, 'I spint a long time with th' noble King. He 's a splendid fellow. I regard him as a most competent King, painstakin', active an' agreeable, an' always willin' to show goods. He felt thurly th' importance iv our visit, cemintin' as it does th' lieance between th' two gr-reat Anglo-Saxon cannin' establishmints. I said we were bound together be a common language, an' he asked me if I spoke Fr-rench. I said, "Noble King, blood is thicker than wather." "We ought to be proud iv our blood," says he, "We would shed it f'r each other," I says. "Ye wud," said he. "My prisince here," says I, "cemints th' lieance between us," says I. He said it did, but they 'd been so much cemint applied that day he began to feel like a cellar flure. He graciously asked me if I wudden't like to walk around th' rile domain as far as th' railway station. I cud also see a gr-reat deal iv it fr'm th' window iv th' car. I thanked him, an' as I was lavin' th' Queen enthered — wan iv th' most atthractive ladylike women I 've met. I shall niver forget her gra-

cious smile as I heerd it goin' down th' steps. I hope th' people at home apprecyates what I've done f'r thim. They'll niver be another war as long as I live. I've written to the prisidint to sind f'r Choate. He might as well go home an' go to wurruk. Cincinnati pa-apers please copy.'

"Th' nex' day, Cy had a gr-ran' time in London. He was allowed to pay his bill in advance an' go out th' fr-ront dure iv th' hotel. Gr-reat crowds welcomed him, not with th' glad cries iv us expansive Americans, but with such hearty, bluff English expressions as, 'Get out th' way.' Even th' busmen an' cab-dhrivers offered to give him a ride. That night he was intertained be th' Worshipful Comp'ny iv British Merchants That Have Sold Out or Are Goin' To, an' ye bet Cy made a speech. Be this time he was an orator as well as a diplomat. 'Me noble lord chairman, me noble lords, me noble gintlemen, me noble waiters,' he says, 'D'ye ralize that this is wan iv th' most important ivints in th' histhry iv th' wurruld? 'Tis th' first time I've been here. (Cheers.) Befure I come to this fair land, which has so hospitably welcomed me, an' see ye'er noble an' even rile King, they was a gr-reat gap between th' two branches iv th' English-speakin' people. Siv'ral times we've been at th' pint iv war — wanst I raymimber in siventeen siventy-six an' again in eighteen twelve. I don't know who staved it off thin.

'T was befure I wint into th' butthrine business. But that day has gone by. I done it. I say I, but th' others can speak f'r thimsilves. Th' inthroduction iv me Goolden Creamery Butthrine into ye'er fair land was th' beginnin' iv this era iv peace, an' now that ye 've seen me, th' man behind th' firkin, ye know what to expict. Hereafther whin a dispute comes up about a coalin' station, we 'll take it out iv th' hands iv pollyticians fr'm Irish disthricts an' lave it to th' comity on weights an' measures iv th' Chamber iv Commerce. 'T is a most intilligent body iv which I am Chairman an' have such associate diplomats as Higgins th' Machiavelly iv th' dhry goods thrade, an' Hoontz th' Bismark iv th' pickle industhry. F'r we ar-re no longer rivals in business, but frinds, ye havin' retired. We have th' same language an' manny iv thim, th' same bible or bibles, th' same missin' Gainsborough, a common Shakespere (if I have th' name r-right) an' an uncommon lot iv bum actors playin' him. We ar-re achooated be a common purpose f'r to march on, ankle to ankle, ceminted so close ye cudden't squeeze a five dollar bill between us, carryin' to th' ends iv th' earth, th' blessin's iv civil an' relligous liberty an' shootin' thim into th' inhabitants thereof an' teachin' thim th' benfits iv ye'er gloryous thraditions an' our akelly gloryous products, among which is Higgins' Goolden Creamery Butthrine XXX. It melts in th' mouth.'

"That ought to settle it," Mr. Dooley went on. "If Cy was goin' to stay over there, we cud adjourn Congress. But th' throuble is th' ambassadure may have to come back to meet a note an' thin our relations will be about th' same as th' County Kerry's with England again. I suppose we 'll have to keep Choate so 's he can look afther things whin Cy is home."

"Who th' divvle made him ambassadure annyhow?" asked Mr. Hennessy angrily.

"Sh-h!" said Mr. Dooley. "He 's a silf-made man. But I wish he wudden't put on th' cemint so thick. I 'm beginnin' to feel sticky."

THE CITY AS A SUMMER RESORT

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"WHERE 'S Dorsey, the plumber, these days?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Have n't ye heerd?" said Mr. Dooley. "Dorsey 's become a counthry squire. He 's landed gintry, like me folks in th' ol' dart. He lives out among th' bur-rds an' th' bugs, in a house that looks like a cuckoo clock. In an hour or two ye 'll see him go by to catch the five five. He won't catch it because there ain't anny five five. Th' la-ad that makes up th' time-table found las' week that if he did n't get away arlier he cudden't take his girl f'r a buggy ride an' he 's changed th' five five to four forty-eight. Dorsey will wait f'r th' six siven an' he 'll find that it don't stop at Paradise Manor where he lives on Saturdahs an' Winsdahs except Fridahs in Lent. He 'll get home at iliven o'clock an' if his wife 's f'rgot to lave th' lanthern in th' deepo, he 'll crawl up to th' house on his hands an' knees. I see him las' night in at th' dhrug sthore buyin' ile iv peppermint f'r his face. ''T is a gran'

life in th' counthry,' says he, 'far' he says, 'fr'm th' madding crowd,' says he. 'Ye have no idee,' he says, 'how good it makes a man feel,' he says, 'to escape th' dust an' grime iv th' city,' he says, 'an' watch th' squrls at play,' he says. 'Whin I walk in me own garden,' he says, 'an' see th' viggytables comin' up, I hope, an' hear me own cow lowin' at th' gate iv th' fence,' he says, 'I f'rget,' he says, 'that they 'se such a thing as a jint to be wiped or a sink to be repaired,' he says. He had a box iv viggytables an' a can iv condensed milk undher his arm. 'Th' wife is goin' away nex' week,' he says, 'do ye come out an' spind a few days with me,' he says. 'Not while I have th' strenth to stay here,' says I. 'Well,' he says, 'maybe,' he says, 'I'll r-run in an' see ye,' he says. 'Is there annything goin' on at th' theaytres?' he says.

"I wanst spint a night in th' counthry, Hinnissy. 'T was whin Hogan had his villa out near th' river. 'T was called a villa to distinguish it fr'm a house. If 't was a little bigger 't wud be big enough f'r th' hens an' if 't was a little smaller, 't wud be small enough f'r a dog. It looked as if 't was made with a scroll saw, but Hogan mannyfacthered it himself out iv a design in th' pa-aper. 'How to make a counthry home on wan thousan' dollars. Puzzle: find th' money.' Hogan kidnaped me wan afthernoon an' took me out there in time to go to bed. He boosted me up a laddher into a bedroom adjinin' th' roof.

'I hope,' says I, 'I'm not discommodin' th' pigeons,' I says. 'There ain't anny pigeons here,' says he. 'What's that?' says I. 'That's a mosquito,' says he. 'I thought ye did n't have anny here,' says I. ''T is th' first wan I've seen,' says he, whackin' himsilf on th' back iv th' neck. 'I got ye that time, assassin,' he says hurlin' th' remains to th' ground. 'They on'y come,' he says, 'afther a heavy rain or a heavy dhry spell,' he says, 'or whin they 'se a little rain,' he says, 'followed be some dhryness,' he says. 'Ye must n't mind thim,' he says. 'A mosquito on'y lives f'r a day,' he says. ''T is a short life an' a merry wan,' says I. 'Do they die iv indigisthion?' I says. So he fell down through th' thrap dure an' left me alone.

"Well, I said me prayers an' got into bed an' lay there, thinkin' iv me past life an' wondherin if th' house was on fire. 'T was warrum, Hinnissy. I'll not deny it. Th' roof was near enough to me that I cud smell th' shingles an' th' sun had been rollin' on it all day long an' though it had gone away, it 'd left a ray or two to keep th' place. But I'm a survivor iv th' gr-reat fire an' I often go down to th' rollin' mills an' besides, mind ye, I'm iv that turn iv mind that whin 't is hot I say 't is hot an' lave it go at that. So I whispers to mesilf, 'I'll dhrop off,' I says, 'into a peaceful slumber,' I says, 'like th' healthy plough-boy that I am,' says I. An' I counted as far as I knew how an' conducted a flock iv sheep in a steeple chase an'

I 'd just begun f 'r to wondher how th' las' thing I thought iv came into me head, whin a dog started to howl in th' yard. They was a frind iv this dog in th' nex' house that answered him an' they had a long chat. Some other dogs butted in to be companionnable. I heerd Hogan rollin' in bed an' thin I heerd him goin' out to get a dhrink iv wather. He thripped over a chair befure he lighted a match to look at th' clock. It seemed like an hour befure he got back to bed. Be this time, th' dogs was tired an' I was thinkin' I 'd take a nap whin a bunch iv crickets undher me windows begun f 'r to discoorse. I 've heerd iv th' crickets on th' hearth, Hinnissy, an' I used to think they were all th' money, but anny time they get on me hearth I buy me a pound iv insect powdher. I 'd rather have a pianola on th' hearth anny day, an' Gawd save me fr'm that! An' so 't was dogs an' mosquitos an' crickets an' mosquitos an' a screech owl an' mosquitos an' a whip-poor-will an' mosquitos an' cocks beginnin' to crow at two in th' mornin' an' mosquitos, so that whin th' sun bounced up an' punched me in th' eye at four, I knew what th' thruth is, that th' counthry is th' noisiest place in th' wurruld. Mind ye, there 's a roar in th' city, but in th' counthry th' noises beats on ye'er ear like carpet tacks bein' dhriven into th' dhrum. Between th' chirp iv a cricket an' th' chirp iv th' hammer at th' mills, I 'll take th' hammer. I can go to sleep in a boiler shop but I

spint th' rest iv that night at Hogan's settin' in th' bath tub.

"I saw him in th' mornin' at breakfast. We had canned peaches an' condinsed milk. 'Ye have ye'er valise,' says he. 'Aren't ye goin' to stay out?' 'I am not,' says I. 'Whin th' first rattler goes by ye 'll see me on th' platform fleein' th' peace an' quite iv th' counthry, f'r th' turmoil an' heat,' I says, 'an' food iv a gr-reat city,' I says. 'Stay on th' farm,' says I. 'Commune,' I says, 'with nature,' I says. 'Enjoy,' I says, 'th' simple rustic life iv th' merry farmer boy that goes whistlin' to his wurruk befure breakfast,' says I. 'But I must go back,' I says, 'to th' city,' I says, 'where there is nawthin' to eat but what ye want an' nawthin' to dhrink but what ye can buy,' I says. 'Where th' dust is laid be th' sprinklin' cart, where th' ice-man comes reg'lar an' th' roof garden is in bloom an' ye 're waked not be th' sun but be th' milkman,' I says. 'I want to be near a doctor whin I 'm sick an' near eatable food whin I 'm hungry, an' where I can put me hand out early in th' mornin' an' hook in a newspaper,' says I. 'Th' city,' says I, 'is th' on'y summer resort f'r a man that has iver lived in th' city,' I says. An' so I come in.

"'T is this way, Hinnissy, th' counthry was all right whin we was young and hearty, befure we become enfeebled with luxuries, d' ye mind. 'T was all right whin

we cud shtand it. But we 're not so sthrong as we was. We 're diff'rent men, Hinnissy. Ye may say, as Hogan does, that we 're ladin' an artificyal life but, be Hivins, ye might as well tell me I ought to be paradin' up an' down a hillside in a suit iv skins, shootin' th' antylope an' th' moose, be gorry, an' livin' in a cave, as to make me believe I ought to get along without sthreet cars an' ilicthric lights an' illyvators an' sody wather an' ice. 'We ought to live where all th' good things iv life comes fr'm,' says Hogan. 'No,' says I. 'Th' place to live in is where all th' good things iv life goes to.' Ivrything that 's worth havin' goes to th' city; th' counthry takes what 's left. Ivrything that 's worth havin' goes to th' city an' is iced. Th' cream comes in an' th' skim-milk stays; th' sunburnt viggytables is consumed be th' hearty farmer boy an' I go down to Callaghan's store an' ate th' sunny half iv a peach. Th' farmer boy sells what he has f'r money an' I get th' money back whin he comes to town in th' winther to see th' exposition. They give us th' products iv th' silo an' we give thim cottage organs an' knock-out dhrops, an' they think they 've broke even. Don't lave annywan con-vince ye th' counthry 's th' place to live, but don't spread th' news yet f'r awhile. I 'm goin' to advertise 'Dooleyville be-th' river. Within six siconds iv sthreet cars an' railway thrains an' aisy reach iv th' theaytres an' ambulances. Spind th' summer far fr'm th' busy haunts iv th' fly an' th'

bug be th' side iv th' purlin' ice wagon.' I 'll do it, I tell ye. I 'll organ-ize excursions an' I 'll have th' poor iv th' counthry in here settin' on th' cool steps an' passin' th' can fr'm hand to hand ; I 'll take thim to th' ball-game an' th' theaytre ; I 'll lave thim sleep till breakfast time an' I 'll sind thim back to their overcrowded homes to dhream iv th' happy life in town. I will so."

"I 'm glad to hear ye say that," said Mr. Hennessy. "I wanted to go out to th' counthry but I can't unless I sthrike."

"That 's why I said it," replied Mr. Dooley.

AN EDITOR'S DUTIES

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"D'YE know I'd like to be an iditor," said Mr. Dooley.

"It must be a hard job," said Mr. Hennessy. "Ye have to know so much."

"'T is a hard job," said Mr. Dooley, "but 't is a fascinatin' wan. They 'se nawthin' so hard as mindin' ye'er own business an' an iditor niver has to do that. He 's like mesilf. I 'm sick iv th' perpetchool round iv examinin' th' beer pump an' countin' up th' receipts. I want to put on me hat an' go out an' take a peek at th' neighborhood. How 's Clancy gettin' on with his wife? Is it thrue she hates him? How 's Schwartzmeister's business? Whin is Flannigan goin' to paint his barn? Afther I get through with me investigations I come back here an' give ye me opinyion on th' topics iv th' day. Be hivens, I am an iditor in me way. All I need is a cover iv a yellow man hittin' a blue goluf ball with a green shtick to be wan iv th' gr-reatest newspapers th' wurruld iver see. An' if it was n't f'r th' likes iv ye, I wudden't be alive. Ye 're me circulation. Ye 're small, Hinnissy, but ye 're silict. Ye want to know what 's goin' on an' ye want

some wan to make up ye'er mind about it an' I give ye th' ivints iv th' day an' tell ye what they all mane.

"But it mus' be gran' to be a rale iditor. I come down town in a goold barooche fr'm me boardin' house an' brush aside th' cabinet ministhers at th' dure an' go to me palashial chamber with tillyphone connictions to iv'ry part iv th' wurruld. I sind f'r wan iv th' spry rayporthers an' says I: 'What's goin' on up th' sthreet?' 'They was a fight between a man called Booley an' wan called Fennessy because Shannessy wudden't wurruk f'r Rooley anny longer.' 'Very good,' says I. 'Ye may go,' I says. An' I set down an' write: 'As we go to press yisterdah with our spicyal midnight tomorrah's extry edition, we larn that a dispute has broke out between capital as riprisinted be Martin H. Doogan an' labor, th' bulwarks iv our liberty, in th' person iv th' affable little Oscar O'Callaghan. We do not know annything about th' causes iv this unforchnit dispute, but all we can say, gintlemen, is, arbitrate! This is no time f'r puttin' forward silfish motives. Th' inthrests iv capital an' labor is th' same, wan thryin' to make capital out iv labor an' th' other thryin' to make laborin' men out iv capitalists. Therefore, we say, arbitrate, arbitrate, arbitrate!'

"Whin I 've got this off me mind, I take up Schwartzmeister's case: 'We view with alarum th' rayport that Herr Alfonso Schumacher is demandin' that none iv his

customers shud fork th' lunch befure makin' signs at th' bar-tinder. This is an inthrusion on th' r-rights iv th' people that shows how correct George Jifferson was whin he made his famous utthrance: 'Oh, if we on'y knew.' How long will this here be tolerated in this community? We warn Herr Schmittstein that we have an eye on him. We know what he done in Germany. Let him have a care.

"On foreign politics, I'm akelly sthrong: 'A war cloud has humped its back in th' Balkans an' befure manny days, we may look to see Germany, Rooshia, Spain, an' Portygal in deadly conflict with th' Dhryboond, th' Zollverein an' th' Toornydijemind. Th' prisint throuble is joo to th' fact that th' king iv Boolgaharia, Hamman II, rayfused to allow th' rajah iv Sarvya to hang his washin' on th' common clothes line defined be Prince Goochagoo in th' Council iv Nice. It will be a sad day f'r th' wurruld whin these gr-reat naytions begins to exchange r-rights, but we wired our corryspondint at Boolywoolygoo las' night that we wud consint to act as referee. Th' success iv th' Daily Roar in arrangin' th' diffyculties between th' Gran' Llama an' th' King iv Siam las' year makes us hopeful th' offer will be accipted. If not, lave thim fight.'

"I don't know that I'd be as good an iditor now as I wud've been in th' ol' days. In th' times whin Horace Greeley was r-runnin' pa-apers, they niver talked about

annything lower thin a face ca-ard. 'T was th' tahriff an' th' war an' whether th' givermint ought to call in th' silver certyficates or lave thim out in th' night air. Thim ol' la-ads did n't know they was such a thing as lawn tennis in th' wurruld. But nowadays an iditor has to be on to as manny things as a departmint store. Wan minyit he 's addhressin' wurruds iv good cheer to th' Czar iv Rooshya; another an' he 's tellin' Andhrew Carnaygie th' best way to make steel billets is to mix in a little chopped feed; a minyit later he 's writin', 'Clarence Dudley has won th' tennis champeenship iv Noo Jarsey. We ar-re glad to see that this risin' young statesman is improvin' in his volleyin' though his lobbin' is still a thrifle lobby.' Or, 'We lane sthrongly to th' opinion that th' raysult iv th' races yesterdah shows that th' steel spinaker has come to stay. Though 't is very thryin' on th' load wather line, it takes a gr-reat deal iv weight off th' centher-boord, which is exactly what we said las' year.' Or, 'We note with regret that Mrs. Hankerbilt's ball gown was worn with a loop on th' pleats. How much more wholesome th' ol' fashioned crinoline.' I hate to think whin a gr-reat iditor has settled th' currency question an' th' sthrikes an' partitioned off China an' handed insthructions to th' crowned heads iv Europe, an' rivolutionized th' packin' business, an' tol' th' ladies what kind iv a hat to wear with a lavender skirt, he has to go home to his wife

an' confiss that he f'rgot th' baby's carredge. I think I wudden't like to be an iditor afther all. I sometimes wondher they don't come out with a line printed acrost th' first page: 'We don't know annything about it an' we don't care, an' what business iv ye'ers is it annyhow?'"

"I shud think th' wurruk wud kill thim," said Mr. Hennessy, sadly.

"It does," said Mr. Dooley. "Manny gr-reat iditors is dead."

ON THE POET'S FATE

ON THE POET'S FATE

"WHO was it said he did n't care who made th' laws iv a counthry if he cud on'y write th' pomes?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"I niver heerd," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, 't was some frind iv Hogan's," said Mr. Dooley. "An' th' man was wrong. He was wrong, Hinnissy. I don't want to make th' laws iv th' counthry. I'm doin' pretty well to keep thim that ar-re made now. An' as f'r th' pothry, I'd as lave 't was wrote be other hands thin mine. I was r-readin' in th' pa-aper th' other day iv a la-ad down in th' midway that says Longfellow that I used to think was a rale good pote — he wrote life is rale, life is earnest, d' ye mind, an' I believe th' same mesilf — Longfellow ought niver to've left th' plumbin' business an' Milton was about as much iv a pote as Edward Atkinson, an' Shakespere shud be took up f'r obtainin' money be false pretinces.

"Ivrybody has a crack at a pote whin he gets a chanst. There's me frind, Roodyard Kipling. I don't mind tellin' ye he ain't my kind iv a pote. Hogan is more to me taste. Did ye iver r-read his pomes 'Oh, Star,' an' 'Oh, Moon'?

Well, that 's as far as he iver wint. He goes home at night an' takes off his coat an' sets down with a pencil in his mouth an' writes: 'Oh, Star,' an' 'Oh, Moon,' an' thin he can't think iv annything that wud do justice to thim, so he says, 'Oh, th' divvle,' an' comes over here f'r a dhrink.

"Roodyard Kipling is a diff'rint kind iv a pote. He don't keep pothry f'r style so that he can turn out behind it an' say, 'Boys, what d' ye think iv that f'r high-stheppin' verse?' Comfort an' not display is his motto. Whin he asks what Hogan calls th' Muse f'r to come up an' spind a week with him, he does n't expict her to set all day in th' hammock on th' front stoop singin' about th' bur-rds. She 's got to do th' week's washin', clane th' windows, cook th' meals, chune th' pianny, dust th' furniture, mend th' socks, an' milk th' cow be day, an' be night she 's got to set up an' balance th' books iv an empire. Whin this Muse has thrown up her job at Kipling's, she 'll be as good a second girl as anny pote wud want to hire. So Roodyard Kipling's pomes is in gr-reat demand. They 're warranted not to tear or shrink or r-run in th' wash an' he 'll guarantee to fit all sizes an' ages. 'Will ye have wan or two hip pockets in ye'er pome, Mr. Rhodes?' he says. 'Boy, wrap up this package iv self-rising pothry f'r th' Canajeen market. I can do this kind iv a war pome f'r ye f'r eight an' six.' An' so it goes. He 's got

orders to put th' annyul rayport iv th' Bank iv England, th' crop statistics iv th' Agaricoolchral Departmint an' th' quotations iv th' Stock Exchange in pothry. His pothry will be listed nex' year an' ye can r-read it on a ticker in a saloon. He had a pome th' other day showin' that th' English army ought to buy more horses an' mules, f'r as he pinted out, a horse can r-run fasther thin anny man, no matther what his record may be. 'T was a good wurrukin' pome. I did n't like it as much as th' 'Oh, Star' kind, but, sure, live an' let live is me motto, an' if a man wants to insthruct his counthry what it ought to do be playin' his advice on a harp or doin' a jig, 't is not f'r me to criticise him. I don't want to hang Roodyard Kipling because he had a pome that sounds like a speech be Lyman J. Gage on th' legal tindher act.

"But 't is diff'rint with me fellow citizens an' fellow lithry joynts. A few years ago Roodyard Kipling come over here an' got pnoomony iv th' lungs an' it looked f'r a long time as though th' nex' pome he figured in wud be wrote with a stone mason's chisel. Well, sir, it leaked out that he had a bad chest an' th' kind-hearted American public begun to weep into its beer. They was a line iv tillygraft boys a block long at th' hotel with messages iv condolence fr'm frinds iv his he niver see or heerd iv, copies iv th' same havin' been sint to th' local newspaper. Th' pa-apers was full iv tindher remarks to

th' gin'ral effect that if Kipling died, Lithrachoor wud count th' cash raygisther, put up th' shutters an' go out into th' night. Th' articles was accompanied be silictions fr'm his copyright pomes. Conductors on th' sthreet cars sobbed at th' mintion iv his name, fatal cocktails was called afther him, near ivry clergyman in th' counthry side-thracked th' sermon on vice an' bracketed Kipling with Martin Luther an' Rockefellar. Down on th' Stock Exchange, sthrong men cried as they said: 'Poor Kipling. What did he write?' Th' Amalgamated Browning, Omar Khayyam an' Walt Whitman Association iv tin workers iv Baraboo, Wis., held a meetin' an' raysolved that Civilization wud lose an eye if Kipling wint, an' it was th' sinse iv th' meetin' that th' threasurer be insthructed to hire a copy iv his book an' see if it was as good as they said. Th' sicker he got, th' bigger man he was. Ivry time his timprachoor wint up, his repytation as a pote advanced tin degrees. Bets was offered in th' pool rooms five to wan an' no takers that he cud give Homer an' Shakespere twinty pounds an' a bating. If he'd gone out, they were goin' to put spectacles an' a fur coat on th' goddess iv liberty an' call it Kipling.

"Thin he made th' mistake iv his life. He lived. If ye iver get to be a pote, Hinnissy, don't take any chances on fame. Cinch it. Jump into th' river. But Roodyard Kipling did n't know. He wint away an' settled down an'

begun to hammer out a few lenths iv jinted pothry to sind over to his kind frinds in America. An' what did his kind frinds do? I picked up a pa-aper th' other day. I raymimber 't was wan that had confissed to me that if annything happened to Kipling, th' iditor wud feel that he cudden't go on with his wurruk without a substantial increase in salary. Well, they was an article about a man that had killed his wife, an' it says: 'Misther So-an'-so, a well-known an' pop'lar burglar on th' west side, yisterdah was so unforchnit as to sink an axe into Mrs. So-an'-so. It is believed he acted undher gr-reat provocation.' Nex' to this piece iv society news was a scholarly article on Roodyard Kipling. 'We have just been r-readin' a pome be that confidence op'rator, Roodyard Kipling, an' if there is a pressman in this buildin' that cudden't write a betther wan, we 'd feed him to his own press. We do not see who buys th' wurruks iv this fiend in human form, but annybody that does ought to be put in a place where th' green goods men can't get at him. Whin we recall th' tears we shed whin this miscreent was pretindin' to be sick, we feel like complainin' to th' polis. If he iver comes to this counthry again, we will be wan iv tin thousan' to go out an' lynch him. To think iv th' way this imposter has been threated an' thin see that young swan iv Main Street, our own townsman, Higbie L. Duff clerkin' in a shoe store, makes us ashamed iv our counthry.'

"An' there ye ar-re. That 's what happens to a pote whin he 's found out an' no pote can escape. Th' Amalgamated Assocyation iv Baraboo has become th' Society f'r th' Previntion iv Kipling, th' Stock Exchange is r-readin' th' polis gazette, an' ye won't anny more hear Kipling mintioned in th' pulpit thin ye will th' Bible."

"I don't suppose he cares," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, maybe he don't know," said Mr. Dooley. "But it ought to be a lesson f'r anny young man who thinks iv goin' into pothry. They 'se on'y wan thing f'r a pote to do: just as they 're about to hang th' lorls on his brow befure they begin to throw th' bricks, he ought to pass away. Th' nex' best thing is to write his pothry where no wan can see him an' dhrop it quitely in th' sthreet. Thin they may blame it on some wan else."

THE YACHT RACES

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"IN th' ol' times whin I was a yachtsman—" began Mr. Dooley.

"Scowman," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Yachtsman," said Mr. Dooley. "Whin I was a yachtsman, all a man needed to race was a flat-bottomed boat, an umbrella, an' a long dhrink. In thim days 't was 'Up with th' mainsail an' out with th' jib, an' Cap'n Jawn first to th' Lake View pumpin' station f'r th' see-gars.' Now 't is 'Ho, f'r a yacht race. Lave us go an' see our lawyers.' 'T is 'Haul away on th' writ iv ne exeat,' an' 'Let go th' peak capias.' 'T is 'Pipe all hands to th' Supreme Coort.' 'T is 'A life on th' boundin' docket an' a home on th' rowlin' calendar.' Befure we die, Sir Lipton 'll come over here f'r that Cup again an' we 'll bate him be gettin' out an over-night injunction. What 's th' use iv buildin' a boat that 's lible to tip an' spill us all into th' wet? Turn th' matther over to th' firm iv Wiggins, Schultz, O'Mally, Eckstein, Wopoppski, Billotti, Gomez, Olson, an' McPherson, an' lave us have th' law on him.

"I don't suppose, Hinnissy, I ought to be gettin' off me little jokes on a seeryous matther like this. What 's it all

about, says ye? Well, ye see, 't is this way. Wanst befure th' war some la-ad fr'm this counthry took a boat acrost th' Atlantic an' run it again an English boat an' iv coorse, he won, not bein' tied to th' dock, an' they give him a Cup. I don't know why they give him a cup, but they give him a cup. He brought it back here an' handed it to a yacht club, which is an assocyation, Hinnissy, iv mimbers iv th' Bar. He says: 'Ye keep that cup on ye'er mantle-piece an' if e'er an Englishman wants it, don't ye give it to him.' Afther awhile, an Englishman that ownded a boat come afther th' cup, an' 't was lave go altogether, an' th' las' man to th' line knows what he is. He 's an Englishman, iv coorse. That was all r-right too. But th' time come whin th' lagal pro-fission took a hand in th' game. 'Look here,' says they. 'Ye 've vilated nearly all th' statues iv th' State iv Noo Jarsey already,' they says, 'an' if ye ain't careful, ye 'll be hauled up f 'r contimpt iv coort,' they says. So they took th' matther in hand an' dhrew up th' r-right pa-apers. 'State iv Noo York, county iv Cook, s. s. Know all men be these prisints. To all magisthrates an' polis officers, greetin'. In re Sir Lipton again th' Cup. Ordhered that if Sir Lipton shall secure said Cup fr'm aforesaid (which he won't) he must build a boat as follows: Wan hundhered an' twinty chest, fifty-four waist, hip an' side pockets, carryin' three hundherd an' sixty-three thousan' cubic feet iv canvas;

th' basement iv th' boat to be papered in green with yellow flowered dado, open plumbin', steam heat throughout, th' tinant to pay f'r all repairs. Be means iv this infernal machine, if onable to kill off th' rile fam'ly, he will attimpt to cross th' stormy Atlantic, an' if successful, will arrive at th' risidince iv th' party of th' first part, said John Doe. Wanst there, he will consult with mimbers iv th' Noo York Bar Association, who will lead him to a firm iv competent expert accountants, who will give him his time, which is two minyits measured be th' invarse ratio iv th' distance fr'm th' binnacle to th' cook-stove, an' fr'm th' cook-stove, east be north to th' bowspirit. He will thin take his foolish boat down th' bay, an' if he keeps his health, he can rayturn to th' grocery business, f'r he 's a jolly good fellow which nobody can deny.'

" Ye can see this, Hinnissy, that yachtin' has become wan iv th' larned pro-fissions. 'T is that that got th' la-ad fr'm Boston into it. They 's a jolly Jack Tar f'r ye. In dhrawin' up a lease or framin' a bond, no more gallant sailor rides th' waves thin hearty Jack Larsen iv th' Amalgamated Copper Yacht Club. 'What ho?' says he. 'If we 're goin' to have a race,' he says, 'shiver me timbers if I don't look up th' law,' he says. So he become a yachtsman. 'But,' says th' Noo York la-ads, thim that has th' Cup on their mantle-piece, 'Ye can race on'y on two conditions.' 'What ar-re they?' says Larsen. 'Th'

first is that ye become a mimber iv our club.' 'With pleasure,' says he. 'Ye can't,' says they. 'An' havin' complied with this first condition, ye must give us ye'er boat,' says they. 'We don't want it,' they says. 'Th' terms suit me entirely,' says Cap. Larsen. 'I 'm a simple sailor man an' I 'll give ye me boat undher th' following conditions,' he says. 'First, that ye won't take it; second, that ye 'll paint me name on th' side iv it in red letters, three feet high; third, that ye 'll inthrajooce me to th' Prince iv Wales; foorth, that I 'll sail it mesilf. Nawthin', he says, 'wud give me gr-reater pleasure thin to have me handsome an' expinsive raft in th' hands iv men who I wud considher it an honor to know,' he says. 'An' so,' he says, 'I 'll on'y ask ye to sign a bond an' lave a small security, say about five hundherd thousan' dollars, in me hands in case anny paint shud be knocked off me boat,' he says. 'Yachtin' is a gintleman's spoort,' he says, 'an' in dalin' with gintlemen,' he says, 'ye can't be too careful,' he says."

"What 's Sir Lipton doin' all this time?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"He 's preparin' his bond, makin' his will, an' goin' through th' other lagal preliminaries iv th' race. He 's built a boat too. Th' King if England was aboord iv her, an' he was near killed, be havin' a mast fall on him. Th' Lord knows how he escaped. A mass iv steel weighin' a hund-

herd thousan' ton fell on his Majesty an' bounced off. Sir Lipton felt pretty bad about it. He did n't mind losin' a mast or two, but he did n't want annywan to know he had th' king aboord. 'T wud hurt business. 'Boys,' says he to th' rayporthers, 'th' King 's on me yacht. D' ye hear me? Th' King 's on me yacht. But don't say annything about it. I don't want to have it known. Don't print it onless ye have to, an' thin put it in an inconspicuous place, like th' first page. He 's here sure enough, boys. Th' mast just fell on his Majesty. It nearly kilt him. I 'm not sure it did n't kill him. He remained perfectly cool throughout. So did I. I was almost cold. So did both iv us. But, mind ye, not a wurrud iv this in th' pa-apers.' I don't know how th' rayporthers got hold iv it. But they 're a pryin' lot."

"How did th' mast come to fall?" asked Mr. Hennessy, eagerly. "D' ye suppose Sir Lipton is wan iv us?"

"S-sh," said Mr. Dooley, adding softly, "he was bor-rn in Limerick."

ON ATHLETICS

ON ATHLETICS

'WE 'RE gettin' to be th' gr-reatest spoortin' nation in th' wurruld," said Mr. Hennessy, who had been laboring through pages of athletic intelligence which he could not understand.

"Oh, so we ar-re," said Mr. Dooley. "An' I wondher does it do us anny good. 'T is impoorted fr'm th' English. They have a sayin' over there that th' jook iv Wellinton said first or somebody said f'r him an' that 's been said a number iv times since, that th' battle iv Watherloo was won on th' playin' fields iv Eton, that bein' a school where th' youth iv England an' Noo York is sint f'r idjycation. It was not. Th' battle iv Watherloo was won on th' potato fields iv Wexford an' th' bog patches iv Connock, that 's where 't was won. Th' Fr-rinch ar-re a good fightin' people an' a Fr-rinchman cudden't hit a goluf ball with a scoop shovel. Th' Germans is a hardy race an' they thrain on Wesphalyan ham an' Boodweiser an' th' on'y exercise they have is howlin' at a sangerfest. Th' Rooshyans is a tur-rble crowd an' they get their strenth by standin' on th' corner askin' if ye have anny ol' clothes ye 'd like to sell or be matchin' kopecks f'r th' vodkies.

Ar-re we anny betther, tell me, f'r bein' th' high tinnis experts, th' intherprisin' rowsmen, th' champeen yachters iv th' wurruld thin we were whin we were on'y th' champeen puddlers, milkers, ploughers, an' sewin' machine agents? Why is England losin' her supreemacy, Hinnissy? Because Englishmen get down to their jobs at iliven o'clock figurin' a goluf scoor on their cuffs an' lave at a quarther to twelve on a bicycle. We bate thim because 't was th' habit iv our joynt iv commerce f'r to be up with th' cock an' down to th' damper befure th' cashier come; an' in his office all day long in his shirt sleeves an' settin' on th' safe till th' las' man had gone. Now, if ye call up wan iv these captains iv industhree at wan o'clock iv a Saturdah afthernoon, th' office boy answers th' tillyphone. Th' Titan iv Commerce is out in a set iv green an' blue knee breeches, batin' a hole in a sand pile an' cur-rsin' th' evil fate that made him a millyionaire whin nature intinded him f'r a goluf champeen. Ye can't keep ye'er eye on th' ball an' on th' money at th' same time. Ye've got to be wan thing or another in this wurruld. I niver knew a good card player or a great spoortsman that cud do much iv annything else. They used to tell me that Napoleon Bonyparte, th' imp'ror iv th' Frinch, was a champeen chess player, but Hogan says he was on'y good because annybody that bate him might as well go down an' be measured f'r his ball an' chain. A rale high class chess player,

without room f'r annything else in his head, cud close his eyes, an' put th' dhrinks on Napoleon Bonyparte in three moves. Did ye iver hear iv Grant wearin' anny medals f'r a hundherd yard dash? Did annywan iver tell ye iv th' number iv base hits made be Abraham Lincoln? Is there anny record iv George Wash'nton doin' a turn on a thrapeze or Thomas Jifferson gettin' th' money f'r throwin' th' hammer?

"In me younger days 't was not considhered rayspictable f'r to be an athlete. An athlete was always a man that was not sthrong enough f'r wurruk. Fractions dhruv him fr'm school an' th' vagrancy laws dhruv him to baseball. We used to go out to th' ball game to see him sweat an' to throw pop bottles at th' empire but none iv his fam'ly was iver proud iv him except his younger brother. A good seat on th' bleachers, a bottle handy f'r a neefaryous decision at first base an' a bag iv crackerjack was as far as iver I got tow'rd bein' a spoortin' character an' look at me now! Ye can't have ye'er strenth an' use it too, Hinnissy. I gredge th' power I waste in walkin' upstairs or puttin' on me specs."

"But 't is good f'r th' women," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Is it, faith?" said Mr. Dooley. "Well, it may be, but it 's no good f'r th' woman f'r th' men. I don't know annything that cud be more demoralizin' thin to be marrid to a woman that cud give me a sthroke a shtick at goluf.

'T is goin' to be th' roon iv fam'ly life. 'T will break up th' happy home. I 'm a man, we 'll say, that 's down town fr'm th' arly mornin' bendin' over a ledger an' thryin' to thrap a dollar or two to keep th' landlord fr'm th' dure. I dispise athletes. I see that all th' men that have a metallic rattle whin they get on a movin' sthreet car are pounds overweight an' wud blow up if they jogged around th' corner. Well, I come home at night an' no matther how I 've been 'Here-you-d' all day, I feel in me heart that I 'm th' big thing there. What makes me feel that way, says ye? 'T is th' sinse iv physical supeeryority. Me wife is smarter thin I am. She 's had nawthin' to do all day but th' housewurruk an' puttin' in th' coal an' studyin' how she can make me do something I don't want to do that I wud want to do if she did n't want me to do it. She 's thrained to th' minyit in havin' her own way. Her mind 's clearer, mine bein' full iv bills iv ladin'; she can talk betther an' more frequent; she can throw me fam'ly in me face an' whin har-rd put to it, her starry eyes can gleam with tears that I think ar-re grief, but she knows diff'rent. An' I give in. But I 've won, just th' same. F 'r down in me heart I 'm sayin': 'Susette, if I were not a gentleman that wud scorn to smash a lady, they 'd be but wan endin' to this fracas. Th' right to th' pint iv th' jaw, Susette.' I may niver use it, d' ye mind. We may go on livin' together an' me losin' a battle ivry day f'r

fifty year. But I always know 't is there an' th' knowledge makes me a proud an' haughty man. I feel me arm as I go out to lock th' woodshed again, an' I say to mesilf: 'Oh, woman, if I iver cut loose that awful right.' An' she knows it too. If she did n't she wudden't waste her tears. Th' sinse of her physical infeeryority makes her weep. She must weep or she must fight. Most anny woman wud rather do battle thin cry, but they know it 's no use.

"But now how is it? I go home at night an' I 'm met at th' dure be a female joynt. Me wife 's th' champeen lady golufess iv th' Ivy Leaf Goluf club; th' finest oarslady on th' canal; a tinnis player that none can raysist without injury. She can ride a horse an' I cudden't stay on a merry-go-round without clothespins. She can box a good welter weight an' she 's got medals f'r th' broad jump. Th' on'y spoorts she is n't good at is cookin' an' washin'. This large lady, a little peevish because she 's off her dhrive, meets me at th' dure an' begins issuin' ordhers befure I have me shoes off. 'T is just th' same as if I was back on th' hoist. She does n't argy, she does n't weep. She jus' says 'Say you,' an' I 'm off on th' bound. I look her over an' say I to mesilf: 'What 's th' good? I cudden't cross that guard,' an' me reign is ended. I 'm back to th' ranks iv th' prolitory.

"It won't do, Hinnissy. It 's a blow at good gover-

mint. 'T will disrupt th' home. Our fathers was r-right. They did n't risk their lives an' limbs be marryin' these female Sharkeys. What they wanted was a lady that they 'd find settin' at home whin they arrived tired fr'm th' chase, that played th' harp to thim an' got their wampum away fr'm thim more like a church fair thin like a safe blower. In th' nex' eighty or ninety years if I make up me mind to lave this boistherous life an' settle down, th' lady that I'll rayquist to double me rent an' divide me borrowin' capacity will wear no medals f'r athletic spoorts. F'r, Hinnissy, I 'm afraid I cud not love a woman I might lose a fight to."

"I see be th' pa-aper," said Mr. Hennessy, "th' athletic girl is goin' out, what iver that means."

"She had to," said Mr. Dooley, "or we wud."

ON LYING

ON LYING

"TH' question befure th' house is whin is a lie not a lie?" said Mr. Dooley.

"How 's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "here 's Pro-fissor E. Binjamin Something-or-Other insthructin' th' youth at th' Chicago Univarsity that a lie, if it 's f'r a good purpose, is not a lie at all. There 's th' gr-reat school down there on th' Midway. Ye can larn annything ye have a mind to in that there siminary an' now they 'll have a coorse in lyin'. Th' earnest youth in sarch iv a career in life 'll be taught lyin' individjally an' in classes, lyin' be ear an' be note, lyin' in th' home an' lyin' to th' public, lyin' autymatically, th' lie di-rect, th' lie injanyous, th' lie with th' hand, th' lie with th' eye, th' r-ready fake, th' bouncer, th' stiff, th' con, th' bunk, th' poetic lie, th' business lie, th' lie imaginative, th' brassy lie, th' timid lie, th' white lie, th' pathriotic or red-white-an'-blue lie, th' lovin' lie, th' over-th'-left, th' cross-me-heart, th' hope-to-die, histhry, political economy an' mathematics. They 'll be a post gradyate coorse in perjury f'r th' more studyous an' whin th' hon'rary degrees is given out, we 'll know what LL. D. manes."

"Sure, they don't need to larn people lyin'," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, no, faith, that 's thrue," said Mr. Dooley. "Here am I with no more iddycation thin ye cud write on th' back iv a postage stamp an' as fluent an' r-ready a liar as e'er a pro-fissor or gradyate iver tur-rned out be an Insti-choot iv Mendacity. That 's what I am. I 'm a born liar. As th' pote that Hogan spouts has said: 'I lisped in falsehood, f'r th' falsehood came.' I cud lie befure I cud speak or walk. F'r ivry lie I got found out in an' whaled f'r, I told forty that niver was r-run down. I 've lied steadily through life an' here I am in me green ol' age — though not as old as manny wud make out — lyin' with-out th' aid iv glasses. Thry me. Ask me how much wather there is in that bar'l — if ye dare! Ye 're a liar too, Hinnissy."

"What 's that?" shouted Mr. Hennessy.

"Keep cool," said Mr. Dooley. "I 'm not referrin' to what I heerd ye tell ye'er wife about th' pay check or that story iv ye'ers about th' big man ye bate in th' Halsted sthreet car. But th' clothes on ye'er back is a lie or at laste an' equivocation or a hand-me-down, an' th' smile ye greet me with is no more thin half on th' square an' th' well-it 's-glad-I-am-to-see-ye rally manes ye 're sorry ye came. All th' wurruld is busy deceivin' its neighbor an' itsilf. Th' poor are poor because they are poor liars an'

th' rich ar-re men that 've accumylated a large stock iv non-assissable, inthrest-bearin' lies or inherited th' same fr'm their indulgent an' mendacyous fathers. That 's what they tell me.

" An' what is a lie, tell me? I cud answer mesilf if I always knew what th' thruth was, me boy. A good manny iv th' whoppers I tell ye is th' raysult iv thryin' to take a short cut to th' thruth an' bringin' up just this side iv perjury. Some things that look like lies to me to-day will seem all r-right in th' prisidential year. I lie a good manny times fr'm kindness, more often fr'm laziness, an' most often fr'm fear. Some iv th' boldest liars I iver met wud 've been thruthful men if they 'd dared to be. Th' most uncommon form is th' malicyous liar an' th' manest is th' just liar. Manny men lie because they like conversation an' they feel they can't impress th' man they're talkin' with without pilin' it on. I've lied at times to beguile th' hours away. I niver deceived annywan half so much as I have mesilf. If I did n't do it wanst in awhile, I 'd feel so poor an' depraved, I cudden't go on in business. Now I wondher if E. Binjamin wud call thim good purposes. Sure, if a lie 's a good thing anny purpose ye may have in lyin' will look good to ye an' if 't is a bad thing, th' purpose 'll seem good annyhow. I think a lie with a purpose is wan iv th' worst kind an' th' mos' profitable. I 'm more iv a spoortin' liar thin he is if I lie

f'r pastime. I wud lie to get a frind out iv throuble or an inimy in, to save me counthry, if 't was not surrounded already be a devoted band iv heroic liars, to protict me life or me property, but if annybody ast me how I done it, I 'd lie out iv it.

"Father Kelly says th' pro-fissor is all r-right. He says his theery is a good wan but he don't think it fits a Baptist Colledge. 'T was held be some larned men iv our own kind an' 't was all r-right fr'm thim. 'T was th' docthrine iv a saint, but he was n't lookin' f'r anny Standard ile money. An' Father Kelly says 't is an unsafe docthrine to thrust to anny wan but a saint. He says th' thruth or something akelly good, something that will wash, is intinded f'r ord'n'ry people. On'y a good man can be a liar. An' Father Kelly says he 's niver seen a man good enough to get a di-ploma fr'm him to lie f'r anny purpose, good or bad, to tell white lies or green. If he lies, he 's got to take his chances. I said: 'What wud ye do if ye see a frind iv ye'ers pursued be a murdherer an' th' murdherer-that-was-to-be ast ye which way he 'd turned?' 'I cudden't hear him,' he says. 'I 'd be too far up th' alley,' he says. 'Lyin' in th' circumstances,' he says, 'wud indicate a lack iv prisince iv mind,' he says. 'It often does,' he says."

"Sure, a lie 's a lie,' said Mr. Hennessy. "I always know whin I 'm lyin'."

"So do I," said Mr. Dooley.

DISCUSSES PARTY POLITICS

DISCUSSES PARTY POLITICS

"I WONDHER," said Mr. Hennessy, "if us dimmycrats will iver ilict a prisidint again."

"We wud," said Mr. Dooley, "if we cud but get an illegible candydate."

"What 's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"An illegible candydate," said Mr. Dooley, "is a candydate that can't be read out iv th' party. 'T is a joke I med up. Me frind Willum J. Bryan reads th' Commoner to thim an' they pack up their bags an' lave. They 'se as manny dimmycrats out iv th' party as they are in, waitin' on th' durestep to read thimsilves back an' th' other la-ads out. Th' loudest r-reader wins.

"No, sir, th' dimmycratic party ain't on speakin' terms with itsilf. Whin ye see two men with white neckties go into a sthreet car an' set in opposite corners while wan mutthers 'Thraiter' an' th' other hisses 'Miscreent' ye can bet they 're two dimmycratic leaders thryin' to reunite th' gran' ol' party. 'T is on'y th' part iv th' party that can't

r-read that's thrue to th' principals iv Jefferson an' Jackson.

"Me frind Willum J. is not a candydate. He 's illegible as an editor but not as a candydate. Annyhow, he don't want it or at laste he don't want to want it an' not get it. All he asks is some good man, some thried an' thrusty dimmycrat that can lead th' party on to gloryous victhry. But he can't find him. Ye say Hill? Well, me frind Willum J. was ast to ask me frind David Binnitt to go out f'r to make a speech at a dimmycratic bankit on th' thraditions iv th' dimmycratic party, Hill bein' wan iv thim an' wan iv th' worst. 'Gintlemen,' says Willum Jennings, 'I admire David Binnitt Hill. No wan,' he says, 'is a second to me in affection f'r that gr-reat an' good man,' he says. 'I shall niver fail in me devotion to him till,' he says, 'th' place heals up where he sunk th' axe into me in ninety-six. But,' he says, 'I cannot ask him to speak at ye'er bankit. I cannot bear to hear him talk. Ivry time he opens his mouth I want to put me fut into it,' he says. 'Moreover,' he says, 'if ye ask him I 'll take me meal at home,' he says, 'f'r th' sight of that gallant dimmycrat turns me fr'm food,' he says. So that ends Hill. We can't go with anny wan that our sainted leader can't ate an egg with without sin.

"Well, thin, who 've we got? They 'se me frind Bill Whitney. He won't do because th' bookmakers niver get

up on iliction day in time to vote. A thousan' to wan again Whitney, his opponent to carry th' audjiotoroom on his back. They 'se me frind Charlie Towne, th' unsalted orator iv th' zenith city — "

"Thraitor," said Mr. Dooley.

"He *has* got some money," said Mr. Dooley reflectively. "I see in th' pa-apers he says they 'se now enough to go ar-round — enough f'r him to go ar-round, Hinnissy. He 's a thraitor. I wisht I cud afford to be wan. Well, what d' ye say to Gorman? They 'se a fine, sthraightforward, honest, clane, incorruptible man. Ye put him alone in a room with th' rayturns an' ye can go out an' gather bar'ls f'r th' bonefire. Ye won't have him, eh? Oh, he knifed th' ticket, did he? Secretly? Oh, my, oh, my! Th' villain. Down goes Gorman. Well, let me see, let me see; who 've we got? I cud think iv a good manny that cud captain a ball team, but whin I come to silictin a candydate f'r prisidint ivry man I think iv is ayther a thraitor or wan that th' thraitors wudden't vote f'r. If we don't get th' thraitor vote we 're lost. They 'se me frind Sinitor Jim Jones. A good man. He won't do, ye say? Nigger counthry? Oh, aye. We can't take a candydate fr'm th' same part iv th' counthry that th' votes come fr'm. Ye 're r-right. There 's Altgeld? Prooshen? Thrue. Aggynal — ? Iv coorse not. Schley? He may be doin' time f'r disorderly conduct an' assault with a

deadly weepin be that time. Charter Haitch? What wud a man that 's been mayor iv Chicago do with an infeeryor job like th' prisidincy? Tom Johnson? A sthreet car platform ain't broad enough f'r th' party. Dockery? It sounds too much like th' endin' iv a comic song. An' fr'm Missoury too. Fuller? Another thraitor, an' what 's worse, a judge. Well, there 's Cleve—. Hol' on there, don't ye throw it. Put down that chair, I tell ye.

"Ye 're hard to suit, Hinnissy. I 've named thim all over an' taken me life in me hand with half iv thim an' lost me repytation f'r common sinse be mintionin' th' others. Whin I lead a man in through wan dure ye read him out iv another an' throw th' book afther him. I 'm thryin' to find a man to uphold th' banner so that ye can march shouldher to shouldher an' heart to heart, to mimrable victhry an' ivry time I mintion th' name iv wan iv ye'er fellow dimmycrats ye make a face. What ar-re ye goin' to do? Ye might thry advertisin' in th' pa-apers. 'Wanted: A good, active, inergetic dimmycrat, sthrong iv lung an' limb; must be in favor iv sound money, but not too sound, an' anti-impeeryalist but f'r holdin' onto what we 've got, an inimy iv thrusts but a frind iv organized capital, a sympathizer with th' crushed an' downthrodden people but not be anny means hostile to vested inthrests; must advocate sthrikes, gover'mint be injunction, free

silver, sound money, greenbacks, a single tax, a tariff f'r rivinoo, th' constitootion to follow th' flag as far as it can an' no farther, civil service rayform iv th' la-ads in office an' all th' gr-reat an' gloryous principles iv our gr-reat an' gloryous party or anny gr-reat an' gloryous parts thereof. He must be akelly at home in Wall sthreet an' th' stock yards, in th' parlors iv th' r-rich an' th' kitchens iv th' poor. Such a man be applyin' to Malachi Hinnissy, Ar-rchey r-road, an' prisintin' rif'rences fr'm his last party, can get good emplyment as a candydate f'r prisidint, with a certainty aftherward iv a conganial place as public r-reader an' party bouncer.' Ye might get an answer."

"Oh, well, we 'll find some wan,' said Mr. Hennessy cheerfully.

"I guess," said Mr. Dooley, "that ye 're right about that. Ye 'll have a candydate an' he 'll have votes. Man an' boy I 've seen th' dimmycratic party hangin' to th' ropes a score iv times. I 've seen it dead an' burrid an' th' raypublicans kindly buildin' a monymint f'r it an' preparin' to spind their declinin' days in th' custom house. I 've gone to sleep nights wondhrin' where I 'd throw away me vote afther this an' whin I woke up there was that crazy-headed ol' loon iv a party with its hair sthreamin' in its eyes, an' an axe in its hand, chasin' raypublicans into th' tall grass. 'T is niver so good as whin 't is broke, whin rayspictable people speak iv it in whispers, an' whin it has

no leaders an' on'y wan principal, to go in an' take it away fr'm th' other fellows. Something will turn up, ye bet, Hinnissy. Th' raypublican party may die iv overfeedin' or all th' leaders pump out so much ile they won't feel like leadin'. An' annyhow they 'se always wan ray iv light ahead. We 're sure to have hard times. An' whin th' la-ads that ar-re baskin' in th' sunshine iv prosperity with Andhrew Carnaygie an' Pierpont Morgan an' me friend Jawn D. finds that th' sunshine has been turned off an' their fellow-baskers has relieved thim iv what they had in th' dark, we 'll take thim boys be th' hand an' say : 'Come over with ye'er own kind. Th' raypublican party broke ye, but now that ye 're down we 'll not turn a cold shoulder to ye. Come in an' we 'll keep ye — broke.'

"Yes, sir, ye 'll have a candydate. If worst comes to worst I 'll offer mesilf again."

"It wud be that," said Mr. Hennessy. "But ye ain't — what — d' ye — call — it ? "

"I may not be as illegible as some," said Mr. Dooley, "but I 'd get as manny votes as others."

THE TRUTH ABOUT SCHLEY

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TRUTH ABOUT SCHLEY

"IF they'se wan thing I'm prouder iv thin another in me past life," said Mr. Dooley, "'t is that whin me counthry called me to go to th' Spanish war, I was out. I owe me rayspictibility an' me high standin' among me fellow men to th' fact, Hinnissy, that where th' shot an' shell fell thickest, I was n't there. If I had anny childher, th' proudest title iv fame, as Hogan says, I cud hand down to thim 'd be that I niver see th' shores iv Cubia. 'Childher,' I 'd say, 'ye 'er pah-pah's life was not entirely free fr'm crime. He had his triflin' faults, was something iv an embezzler, a little iv a safe blower an' occasionally a murdhrer. He dhrank too much an' bate ye'er poor mother that now is dead, or wud if she iver lived, but wan thing he niver did. He niver took a hand in th' war in Cubia. There ar-re no dents on his armor plate.' I 'd have Congress sthrike medals f'r th' absentee hayroes: 'To Martin Dooley f 'r not bein' prisint at th' battle iv Sandago,' or, 'In reconition iv gallant absence fr'm th' battle iv Manila. Sweet an' proper it is

to remain at home f'r wan's counthry!' Be hivins, Hinnissy, if a man's brought up befure a judge on a charge iv larceny th' coort says: 'Anny prevyous convictions?' 'No,' says th' polisman. 'Five years,' says th' judge. 'But he was a hayro iv th' Cubian war.' 'Make it life,' says th' judge.

"First they was Hobson. He kissed a girl an' ivrybody says: 'Hang him. Kill th' coal-scuttler.' Thin they was Dewey. He got marrid an th' people was f'r makin' mathrimony a penal offince. Ye raymimber Gomez. Ye recall, Hinnissy, how th' corryspondints used to poke their way to th' jungle where he set makin' his simple meal iv th' leg iv a scorpyon an' a piece iv sugar cane, an' offer him th' freedom iv th' city iv Noo York whin th' war was over. Well, he wint to Noo York las' week, this George Wash'n'ton iv th' Ant Hills. He was met at th' ferry-boat be a rayporther that twishted his head around to take a phottygraft iv him an' called him 'Manny' an' said he looked like Mike Feely, th' aldherman iv th' third ward, on'y darker. A comity iv seegar makers waited on him an' ast him to jine their union, an' that was all th' honors he had. Freedom iv th' city, says ye? Oh, he got that, an' all iv that. He was free to go an' come without annybody payin' anny attintion to him. He was as free as th' air, because th' polis did n't know him. If they 'd known, he might 've been locked up.

"An' now it 's Schley's turn. I knew it was comin' to Schley an' here it comes. Ye used to think he was a gran' man, that whin ol' Cerveera come out iv th' harbor at Sandago called out 'Come on, boys,' an' plunged into th' Spanish fleet an' rayjooced it to scrap-iron. That 's what ye thought, an' that 's what I thought, an' we were wrong. We were wrong, Hinnissy. I 've been r-readin' a thrue histhry iv th' campaign be wan iv th' gr-reatest historyians now employed as a clerk in th' supply stores iv th' Brooklyn navy yard. Like mesilf, he 's a fireside vethran iv th' war. He 's a mimber iv th' Martin Dooley Post No. 1, Definders iv th' Hearth. He 's th' boy f'r ye. If iver he beats his sugar scoop into a soord, ye 'll think ol' Farragut was a lady cook on a lumber barge. Says th' historyian: 'Th' conduck iv Schley durin' th' campaign was such as to bring th' bright blush iv shame to ivry man on th' pay roll iv our beloved counthry. 'T is well known that whin ordhered be th' gallant Jawn D. Long to lave Hampton Roads, he thried to jump overboord an' swim ashore. He was chloryformed an' kep' undher hatches till th' ship was off th' coast iv Floridy. Whin he come to, he fainted at th' sight iv a Spanish ditchnry an' whin a midshipman wint by with a box iv Castile soap, he fell on th' deck writhin' in fear an' exclaimed: "Th' war is over. I 'm shot." Off Cyenfoogoose, he see a starvin' reconcenthrado on th' shore an' cried out: "There 's Cer-

veera. Tell him to come on boord an' accept me soord." He was knocked down be a belayin' pin in th' hands iv th' gunner's mate an' carried to Sandago. Whin th' catiff wretch an' cow'rd see brave Cerveera comin' out iv th' harbor, he r-run up th' signal: "Cease firin'. I'm a prisoner." Owin' to th' profanity iv dauntless Bob Ivans, which was arisin' in a dark purple column at th' time, Cerveera cud not see this recreent message an' attimpted to r-run away. Th' American admiral followed him like th' cow'rd that he was, describin' a loop that I'd dhraw f'r ye if th' head book-keeper 'd lind me a pincil an' rammin' th' Ioway, th' Matsachoosetts an' th' Oregon. His face was r-red with fear an' he cried in a voice that cud be heard th' lenth iv th' ship: "He don't see th' signal. I've surrindered, Cerveera. I'm done. I quit. I'm all in. Come an' take me soord an' cut off me buttons. Boys, fire a few iv thim eight-inch shells an' atthract his attintion. That was a good wan. Give him some more. R-run alongside an' ram him if nicissry. Rake him fore an' aft. There goes his biler. Now, perhaps he'll take notice. Great hivins, we're lost! He's sinkin' befure we can surrinder. Get out me divin' shoot, boy, an' I'll go afther him an' capitulate. Oh, war is a tur-rble thing!" I have attimpted to be fair with Admiral Schley. If I'm not, it's his own fault an' mine. I can on'y add that 't is th' opinyion iv all th' boys in th'

store that he ought to be hanged, drawn, quarthered, burnt at th' stake an' biled in oil as a catiff, cow'rd an' thraitor. 'T is a good thing f'r th' United States that me frind Sampson come back at th' r-right moment an' with a few well-directed wurruds to a tillygraft operator, secured th' victhry. Ol' Loop-th'-loops was found lyin' head first in a coal bunker an' whin pulled out be th' legs exclaimed, "Emanuel, don't shoot me. I'm a Spanish spy in disgeese." '

"So they've arristed Schley. As soon as th' book come out th' Sicrety iv th' Navy issued a warrant again him, chargin' him with victhry an he 's goin' to have to stand thrile f'r it. I don't know what th' punishment is, but 't is somethin' hard f'r th' offinse is onus'l. They 're sure to bounce him an' maybe they 'll give his job to Cerveera. As far as I can see, Hinnissy, an' I cud see as far as me fellow vithran Maclay an' some nine hundherd miles farther, Emanuel is th' on'y wan that come out iv that battle with honor. Whin Schley was thryin' to give up th' ship, or was alongside it on a stagin' makin' dents in th' armor plate with a pick-axe, Sampson was off writin' letters to himsilf an' Bob Ivans was locked in a connin' tower with a life prisoner buckled around his waist. Noble ol' Cerveera done nawthin' to disgrace his flag. He los' his ships an' his men an' his biler an' ivrything except his ripytation. He saved that be bein'

a good swimmer an' not bein' an officer iv th' United States Navy."

"I shud think Schley'd thry an' prove an allybi," Mr. Hennessy suggested pleasantly.

"He can't," said Mr. Dooley. "His frind Sampson's got that."

FAME

FAME

"'TIS a gr-reat rayciption they do be givin' Bryan down in New York state," said Mr. Hennessy.

"A fine rayciption f'r a dimmycrat in New York state," said Mr. Dooley, "is that he 's not dangerously wounded. Annything short iv death is regarded as a frindly an' inthrested rayciption, an' a mild kind iv death, like suffycation be chloroform, wud be considhered a rayspictful hearin'. All ye can say about Willum Jennings Bryan's rayciption is that he got by Wall sthreet without bein' stoned to death with nuggets fr'm th' goold resarve. Annyhow, what ar-re ye dhraggin' pollytics into this peaceful abode f'r, Hinnissy? Is n't it bad enough f'r me to have to stand here all day long listenin' to sthrangers rayjoocin' th' constitootynal questions now befure th' people to personal insult without havin' me frinds makin' me nights mis'rable with chatther about th' fleetin' problems iv th' hour? Th' votes is as good as cast an' counted. Ayether th' counthry is rooned or its rooned. An' it ain't, annyhow. Ayether we ar-re delivered over hand an' foot to

th' widdies an' orphans that 've had thrust stocks sawed off on thim be th' exicutors, or th' gover'mint abandons a policy iv brutal, crool, murdhrous conquist iv th' cow'rdly assassins iv th' land iv eternal sunshine an' shadow. Two weeks fr'm today we 'll be ayether neglectin' to pay our debts in th' standard money iv th' nations iv th' earth or in a debased an' wretched cienage that no wan has iver got enough iv. An' what th' divvle diff'rence does it make, me boy? Th' mornin' afther iliction, 't is Hinnissy to th' slag pile an' Dooley to th' beer pump an' Jawn D. Rockefellar to th' ile can, an' th' ol' flag floatin' over all iv us if th' wind is good an' th' man in charge has got up in time to hist it. Foolish man, th' fun'rals don't stop f'r ilictions, or th' christenin's or th' weddin's. Be hivins, I think th' likes iv ye imagines this counthry is something besides a hunk iv land occypied be human bein's. Ye think it a sort iv an autymobill that 'll run down onless ye charge it with ye'er partic'lar kind iv gas. Don't ye expict Hinnissy that anny throop iv angels will dhrop fr'm Hiven to chop ye'er wood on th' mornin' iv th' siventh iv Novimber if Bryan is ilicted, an' don't ye lave Jawnny McKenna think that if th' raypublicans gets in, he 'll have to put a sthrip iv ile-cloth on th' dure sill to keep pluthycrats fr'm shovin' threasury notes undher th' dure. No, sir; I used to think that was so — wanst, in th' days whin I pathronized a lothry. Now I know diff'rent.

Fame

"Where 'll they be a hundhred years fr'm now? Debs an' Mark Hanna, an' Web Davis, an' Croker an' Bill Lorimer — where 'll they be? I was r-readin' th' other day about a vote cast be a lot iv distinguished gazabs through th' counthry f'r occypants iv a hall iv fame. A Hall iv Fame's th' place where th' names iv th' most famous men is painted, like th' side iv a bar-rn where a little boy writes th' name iv th' little girl he loves. In a week or two he goes back an' rubs it out. But in this matther 't was detarmined to lave out th' question to a lot iv sthrong la-ads an' have thim vote on it an' on'y th' dead wans iligeable. I r-read th' list today, Hinnissy, an' will ye believe me or will ye not, much as I know I cudden't recall more thin half th' names. George Wash-'nton was ilicted, iv coorse, unaminously an' without a con-tistin' dillygation an' proud he 'll be to larn iv it. Thin there was Ulyss S. Grant an' Thomas Jefferson an' Robert E. Lee. I know all iv thim as though we 'd been raised in th' same lot. But near all th' others got by me. Wan man was famous because he made a cotton gin, though th' author iv more common dhrinks was cut out. Another man got by th' flag on th' ground that he manyfacthered a clock. A third passed th' stand because he made a ditch-nary, which is a book that tells ye how manny diff'rent things th' same wurrud means. They was potes I niver r-read an' statesmen I niver heard iv, an' gin'rals I niver knew

fought, an' invintors iv bluein', an' discov'rers iv things that had been discovered befure an' things that had to be undiscovered later. An' th' list was as onfamilyar to me as th' battin' ordher iv th' Worcester ball team iv eighteen hundhred an' siventy-six. 'Bedad,' says I, 'if this is fame, I 'll dhraw cards mesilf. Some day whin th' owner iv a new Hall iv Fame tells th' janitor to climb up an' white-wash over th' names on th' wall an' make out a new list, some wan may vote f'r th' gr-reat soul that discovered how to make both ends meet in th' year nineteen hundhred.' That 's a gr-reat invintion, Hinnissy. Thank th' Lord th' Standard Ile Comp'ny has n't got a patent on it.

"What 's fame, afther all, me la-ad? 'T is as apt to be what some wan writes on ye'er tombstone as annything ye did f'r ye'ersilf. It takes two to make it, but on'y wan has much iv a hand. 'T is not a man's life in wan volume be himsilf, but his 'Life' in three volumes be wan iv his frinds. An' be th' way th' jury voted f'r th' lodgers in this tiniment house iv fame, manny that cud pay their scoor at th' desk is left on th' dure step because th' bunks is filled with th' frinds iv th' managers. I think *I'll* hire a large buildin' f'r th' rayjicted. I wudden't be surprised if manny iv th' star boardhers come out iv th' other Hall iv Fame f'r th' conjanial comp'ny in mine.

"Whin ye think iv it, whin ye considher how manny men have done things or thried to do thim f'r wan

hundhred years in this counthry, an' now whin it comes to pick th' winners about half th' list is on'y famous to th' men that voted f'r thim, how ar-re ye goin' to figure that anny iv th' la-ads that ye 're wastin' ye'er lungs f'r will bring up r-right? A hundhred years fr'm now Hogan may be as famous as th' Impror Willum, an' annyhow they 'll both be dead an' that 's th' principal ingreejent iv fame. Go home an' think that over."

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS

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MR. DOOLEY put down his newspaper with the remark; "They cudden't get me into coort as a witness; no, sir, not if 't was to hang me best frind.

"'T is hard enough," he said, "with newspapers an' cinsus officers an' th' mim'ry iv cab dhrivers to live down ye'er past without bein' foorced to dhrill it in a r-red coat an' with a brass band ahead befure th' eyes iv th' multitood. I did it wanst; I'll do it no more. Wanst I was summonsed to appear in th' high temple iv justice where Timothy Duffy is th' presidin' janius, as Hogan says, to give me priceless tistymony as to whether th' plumbin' in Harrigan's house was fitted to hold wather. 'T was me opinyon, havin' had a handful iv thrumps I held in Harrigan's parlor spiled be Lake Michigan dhroppin' through th' ceilin', that said plumbin' was conthrary to th' laws an' ordinances iv th' county iv Cook, State iv Illinois, S. S. made an' provided an' th' same I put on a high hat an' a long-tailed coat an' left a man in charge iv me business an' wint down to Halsted Street an' swore to, as solemnly as

I cud, knowin' that Harrigan wudden't pay th' rent annyhow. An' what come iv it? I was two minyits givin' me tistymony, an' two hours thryin' to convince th' hon'rable coort — a loafer be th' name iv Duffy — an' th' able jury that I had n't stolen th' shirt on me back fr'm a laundhry wagon. Th' coort was goin' to confine me in jail f'r life f'r contimpt, th' lawyer f'r th' definse sthrongly intimated that I was in th' neighborhood whin Charlie Ross was kidnapped an' th' jury ast to be allowed to bring in a verdict iv manslaughter again me without exthra pay. As I wint out iv th' coort two or three women in large hats hissed me an' a man at th' dure threatened me with an umbrelly ontill I made a counther dimonsthration with me foot. Justice, says ye? I tell ye Hogan 's r-right whin he says: 'Justice is blind.' Blind she is, an' deef an' dumb an' has a wooden leg! Niver again will they dhraw me to a coort. I 'll take th' rude justice iv a piece iv lead pipe without costs or th' r-right iv appeal.

"Here in th' pa-aper they 'se a piece about a la-ad that had throuble with his vallay —"

"What 's a vallay?" Mr. Hennessy interrupted.

"A vallay," Mr. Dooley explained, "is a retired English gintleman hired be millyionaires who ar-re goin' into bankruptcy to wear their clothes. Naked a millyionaire comes into th' wurruld an' naked his vallay laves him. Th' vallay 's a kind iv a chambermaid that sees that th' millyion-

aire does n't go to wurruk in his night shirt an' r-reads his letters. I can't make out what all iv his jooties is. He rubs th' millyionaire's head an' rubbers on his love affairs, an' afther awhile laves him an' goes to wurruk f'r a society pa-aper. 'T is an ol' sayin' iv Hogan's that no man is a hero to his vallay. That 's thrue. Th' vallay 's th' hero.

"Well, this millyionaire I 've been r-readin' about, he had a vallay, an' the vallay lost his eye wondherin' who th' lady was, an' thin he dipped too sthrong into th' Floridy wather an' th' millyionaire bounced him. He fired him out. 'Lord Roland,' he says, 'go,' he says. 'We 've lived too long together,' he says. 'People can't tell us apart, we stagger so much alike,' he says. 'I 'm gettin' so used to ye that I have no fear iv ye,' he says. 'It was bad enough whin ye give me blue suspinders with me r-red pantaloons,' he says, 'but,' he says, 'whin I asked f'r an orange an' ye brought in th' boot-jack, I felt that we cud no longer assocyate on terms iv akequality,' he says. 'Ye 'll have to go back to th' House iv Lords,' he says. An' he fired him out an' wudden't pay him a cint iv wages he owed him f'r th' rest iv his life. So Lord Roland sues him an' has him in coort.

"Th' millyionaire thrips in thinkin' to himsilf: ''T is on'y a question iv whether I shall pay this jook what I promised him or what he ought to ixpict fr'm a millyionaire. Do I or do I not owe Lord Ronald eighty-two dol-

lars f'r curry-combin' me in th' nex' cinchry. I'll lave it to an intillygint jury iv honest Americans who have always buttoned their own shirts, an' r-right will conker an' I'll keep me money.'

"That's where he was wrong. He had th' same experyence I had, except mine was a case iv plumbin' an' his wan iv personal decoration. Afther he explained to th' jury that he did n't owe Lord Roland annything because his lordship got a dhroopin' eye fr'm dhrink an' frequently give him th' same collar ivry week, he was tur-rned over to th' attorney f'r th' prosecution, who cross-examined him.

"'We will pass over th' question iv ye'er financial relations with me client,' says th' distinguished barristher, 'an' come down to ye'er own private life. To begin with ar-re ye or ar-re ye not a man iv th' most dissolute morals?' 'Answer yes or no,' says th' coort. 'He admits it,' says th' lawyer. 'Ye were dhrunk in 1892?' 'I can't raymimber,' says th' millyionaire. 'Put it down that he's always dhrunk,' says th' lawyer. 'Where did ye get ye'er money? Ye don't know? Th' jury will take note iv th' fact that he prob'bly stole it. Ye'er father is dead. Did ye kill him? I think so. Now that ye rayfuse to pay Lord Roland what's not comin' to him, how about ye'er wife?' 'My wife isn't in this case,' says th' prisoner. 'Th' divvle she is n't,' says th' coort. 'I

want ye to know that ivrybody is in this case. We play no fav'rites. Whin th' clear sunlight iv American justice is tur-rned loose on a matther iv this charackter nawthin' can be hid. Go on an' tell us about ye'er wife. Th' coort wishes to know. Th' coort is human,' says he. 'Is n't it thrue,' says th' lawyer, 'that ye'er spouse is pettish an' disagreeable be nature an' that th' colors iv her hair ar-re not fast, an' that Lord Roland frequently peeked through th' dure an' seen ye talkin' to her? Answer me, ye fiend in human form, don't that lovely golden sheen upon her locks come out in th' wash? Tell me, monsther, tell th' hon'rable coort that 's now leanin' eagerly over th' bar to catch ivry pint, tell th' jury that wud like to carry home some s'ciety chit-chat to their own tired wives, tell this intelligint concoorse iv American citizens behind me an' th' gallant knights iv th' pen in fr-ront iv me waitin' to spread th' details to th' wurruld, tell me, ruffyian, is Hivin or Peroxide iv Hydhrogen th' author iv th' splendor? Is her complexion her own or fr'm day to day? Did ye iver see her befure ye were marrid, an' if so with whom? An' about th' other women Lord Roland saw ye with. Were they no betther thin they ought to be or not as good as they might have been. I can't recall their names but ye might tell us who they ar-re. Give us their names. Dhrag th' wretched crathers fr'm their hidin' places in th' vowdyville theautres an' lave thim to

sthand in th' clear sunlight iv American justice,' he says, 'an' be smirched,' he says.

"There was scarcely a dhry eye in th' coort whin th' larned counsel concluded. Th' ladies in th' audjeence applauded furyously as name afther name was brought forward. Th' judge said that he had th' time iv his life, an' th' jury afther securin' clippin's iv th' prisoner's wife's hair rayturned a verdict findin' Mrs. Hard Gold guilty iv peroxide in th' first degree, without extenuatin' circumstances, an' added a rider recommendin' th' ladies Lord Roland seen with Hard Gold be tur-rned out iv their lodgin's. It was a gr-reat triumph for th' r-right. It shows that th' coorts iv our fair land will put down with a stern hand th' growin' peroxide vice an' that justice will find out evil doers — whin they ar-re women — if it has to take th' bandages off its eyes an' hide in a clothes closet."

"It serves th' man r-right f'r havin' wan iv thim vallays ar-round th' house," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, it shows that," said Mr. Dooley. "An' it shows th' disadvantages iv wealth. No wan cares to hear what Hogan calls: 'Th' short an' simple scandals iv th' poor.'"

THANKSGIVING

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"WHIN I was a young man," said Mr. Dooley, "I often heerd Thanksgivin' day alooded to fr'm th' altar as a pagan fistival. Father Kelly don't think so. He says 't was founded be th' Puritans to give thanks f'r bein' presarved fr'm th' Indyans, an' that we keep it to give thanks we are presarved fr'm th' Puritans. In th' beginnin', Hinnissy, 't was a relijous fistival, like dividend day in th' synagogues. Ye see, th' Puritan fathers, whose dayscindants mostly live in Kansas now, had had such a divvle iv a time inthrajoocin' rellijon an' slavery among th' savage r-red men that they found huntin' th' wild cranberry in th' neighborhood iv Salem, Mass., that whin th' job was completed they set apart a day to thank th' Lord for his opporchune assistance in their wurruk iv rayformin' th' wurruld an' with a few frills added in th' way iv food th' custom 's been kept up to this very day. In iv'ry city iv this fair land th' churches is open an' empty, the fleet anise seed bag is pursooed over th' smilin' potato patch an' th' groans iv th' dyin' resound fr'm manny a fut-ball field. We 're givin' thanks that

we're presarved fr'm hunger, fr'm thirst, fr'm free silver, fr'm war an' pestilence an' famine an' each other. But don't ye f'rget it, Hinnissy, 't is none iv these things we really give thanks f'r. In our hearts we're grateful f'r on'y wan blessin' an' that's on Thanksgivin' day we get th' first good crack iv th' season at th' Turkey bur-rd an' his r-runnin' mate, ol' Uncle Cranberry Sauce. Ye bet ye.

"Annyhow, seein' that the iliction come out th' way it did an' this counthry ain't goin' to be handed over to th' likes iv ye, we ought to cillybrate Thanksgivin' if necess'ry with achin' hearts. I'm always in favor iv givin' thanks — f'r annything. 'T is a good habit to get into. 'Thank ye kindly,' is betther thin 'bad cess to ye,' annyhow. Even whin I sneeze I say: 'Gawd bless us kindly,' an' f'r th' slender blessin' iv livin' at all I say 'Praise be.' So we ought to be thankful. We have a big counthry an' 't is growin' bigger an' we ought to be thankful f'r that, an' pray that it may stop growin' in width an' grow a little more in height. Th' farmer is thankful he has a good crop an' I'm thankful I'm not a farmer. Ye cud always find room f'r thanks that ye're not some wan else, if ye cud know how th' other fellow feels. A few days ago I wud've said that I'd like to be the Czar iv Rooshia but I wudden't trade places with him to-day if he'd throw in th' Kingdom of Boolgahrya to make th' thrade good.

Crowned though he is, he lies on his back while a trained nurse pipes hot milk an' limon juice into him, while I go across th' sthreet an' hurl into me dimmycratic frame two furlongs iv corned beef an' a chain iv cabbage. Me timp'rature is normal save whin I'm asked f'r money. Me pulse bates sivinty to th' minyit an' though I have patches on me pantaloons, I've ne'er a wan on me intestines. (I touch wood to keep off bad luck.) No, I wudden't be th' Czar iv Rooshia. An' I wudden't be th' Impror Willum. I'm thankful I'm not th' Impror iv Chiny, whoiver he is or whereiver he is. I'm thankful I'm not John D. Rockyfellar, f'r I know I can't get his money an' he thinks he can get mine, an' I'll fool him. I'm thankful I ain't Prisident Tiddy, f'r whin me day's wurruk is done, I can close up th' shop, wind th' clock an' go to sleep. If th' stars an' moon don't shine, if th' sun don't come up, if th' weather is bad, if th' crops fail or th' banks bust or Hinnissy ain't illicted director iv th' rollin' mills, no wan can blame me. I done me jooty. Ye can't come to me an say: 'Dooley, th' north star was n't at wurruk last night — what have ye done with it?' Or 'Look here, Dooley, what ails ye sindin' rainy weather befure th' hay is cut?' 'No sir,' says I. 'I promised ye nawthin' but five cints worth iv flude exthract iv hell f'r fifteen cints an' ye got it. I'm not responsible f'r th' vagarios iv th' ilimints. If I was I'd be sellin' umbrellys,

not rum,' I says. But th' prisidint can't escape it. He has to set up at night steerin' th' stars sthraight, hist th' sun at th' r-right moment, turn on th' hot an' cold fassit, have rain wan place, an' fr-rost another, salt mines with a four years' supply iv goold, thrap th' mickrobes as they fly through th' air an' see that tin dollars is akelly divided among wan hundherd men so that each man gits thirty dollars more thin anny other. If he can't do that he 's lible to be arrested th' first pay day f'r obtainin' money be false pretences. So I 'm thankful I 'm not him.

"But I 'm always thankful f'r these things. Be thankful f'r what ye have not, Hinnissy — 't is th' on'y safe rule. If ye 're on'y thankful f'r ye'er possissions ye'er supply won't last a day. But if ye 're thankful f'r what others have, an' ye have not, an' thankful ye have n't it, all th' wurruld conthributes to ye'er gratichood. Ye set here like a poor box in th' back iv th' church an' iv'rybody dhrops in his bad money an' swells ye.

"But as I told ye, Hinnissy, afther all, th' Turkey bur-rd 's th' rale cause iv Thanksgivin'. He 's th' naytional air. Abolish th' Turkey an' ye desthroy th' tie that binds us as wan people. We 're wan race, hitched together be a gr-reat manny languages, a rellijon apiece, thraditions that don't agree with each other, akel opporchunities f'r th' rich an' poor, to continue bein' rich an' poor, an' a common barnyard food. Whin iv'rybody in a nation eats

th' same things that all th' others eats, ye can't break thim up. Talk about th' dove iv peace! Th' Turkey makes him look like a game cock. Can I help ye, Mr. Hinnissy? White or dark? Th' leg, p'raps, or maybe th' part that goes over th' ——"

"Some iv us," said Mr. Hennessy, gloomily, "some iv us will be atin' another kind iv bur-rd this fall."

"Ye're wrong there, me la-ad," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye're wrong there. Ye're wrong. They're no such thing as crow. Thanksgivin' day comes too quick afther iliction. We're all r-ready f'r th' blackest crow that ivver dimmycrat ate an' we have our noses in th' air. An' thin we look down, an' lo an' behold! 'tis THANKSGIVIN' TURKEY."

ON THE MIDWAY

ON THE MIDWAY

"I TOL' ye wanst," said Mr. Dooley, "that f'r wan man that goes to a wurruld's fair to see how boots is made, they 'se twinty goes to see th' hootchy-kootchy, an' that 's where th' wan lands fin'lly. 'T is so. There was a time, Hinnissy, whin people was inthrested in th' cannin' iv fruit an' how lamp chimblies is blowed. I know a frind iv mine wint to th' Cintinyal in Philydelphy an' los' th' use iv his legs thravelin' fr'm th' display iv mohair shawls to th' mannyfacthry iv open-face watches. An' he thought he 'd had a good time. He cudden't make a watch, lave alone buy wan, anny more afther he 'd seen thim made thin whin all he knew about thim was seein' thim hangin' in th' window iv a pawnshop. 'How ar-re they made?' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'wan man sets at a machine that makes th' wheels,' he says, 'an' another man at a machine that makes th' case,' he says, 'an' so on, an' whin all th' parts ar-re complete,' he says, 'they 're put together be another man an' there ye ar-re,' he says. 'An' there I am,' says I. 'An' that 's how watches is made, is it?' says I. 'Well, I know a more

gin'rally undhershtud way in makin' a watch thin that,' says I. 'How's that?' says he. 'Whin th' man that owns it isn't lookin',' I says.

"'T was so at Chicago. They showed me a printin'-press, an' I believed thim. They pinted out rocks an' said goold was made fr'm thim, an' I niver winked an eye. They took me down an' faced me again th' wondhers iv arts an' science an' commerce an' human ingenooity an' says: 'Behold,' says they, 'what man is doin' f'r himsilf. Th' pant that wanst took wan man eight days to complete is now hurled out at th' rate iv a thousan' a minyit be yon vast machine,' says they. 'That gr-reat injine over there is thransformin' th' hog iv commerce into th' butther iv th' creamery,' they says. 'Come an' see th' threshin'-machine an' th' hydhraulic pump an' th' steam-shovel,' says they, 'an' have th' time iv ye'er life,' they says. 'No,' says I. 'I seen enough f'r a day iv pleasure,' I says, 'an' now I think I'll back up fr'm th' wondhers iv science an' lane me fevered brow again a tower iv Pilsener beer in Ol' Vienny,' I says. 'Take me,' I says, 'to th' Midway,' I says, 'f'r th' gr-reatest wurruk iv human ingenooity is human bein's an',' I says, 'they're all there,' I says. 'Whin that machine larns to blow "Ich vise nix vas allus bediten" on a horn, an' th' other wan can dance to th' music iv a tom-tom, I'll come back an' ask if I can't buy thim something,' I says. 'In th' manetime,' says I, ''t is,

ho! f'r th' Sthreets iv Cairo,' I says. An' I wint. An' so goes ivrybody.

"'T is no wondher that my clothes is made be machinery. Th' on'y wondher is that I can get thim afther they're made. Th' printin'-press is n't wondherful. What 's wondherful is that annybody shud want it to go on doin' what it does. Ye can't dazzle me with th' cotton-gin or th' snow-plow or th' ice-machine or th' inkybator. Says I to th' invintors an' th' machinists: 'Wurruk away,' I says, 'at forge an' anvil,' I says. 'Wurruk out ye'er devices iv human an' almost diabolical ingenooity,' I says. 'Hammer away in ye'er overhalls an' show what mechanical science can do,' I says, 'an' bring th' finished pro-duct to me,' I says. 'If 't is good an' I have th' money, I 'll buy it,' I says. 'Ye 'll find me at th' cool table near th' dure, an' ye'll recognize me because I 'll have me finger in th' air signalin' th' kellner,' says I.

"An' there ye ar-re. There ar-re no wondhers iv science, or if there ar-re anny they 're too wondherful to be undhershtud be anny wan but those wurrukin' at thim f'r two dollars a day. I know they tell me that at th' Pan-American show in the city iv Buffalo th' ilicthric light is made be Niag'ra Falls. Between you an' me, Hinnissy, I don't believe wan wurrud iv it. It don't stand to reason. What goes over thim falls? Wather. An' how in th' wurruld can wather make lights? Now, if 't was karo-

sene! But it's wather that in more civilized communities they put th' lights out with. But they tell ye they've harnessed th' falls to light th' fair an' iv'ry ton iv wather that goes roarin' down that catarack an' pours through th' rapids between miles iv smilin' hotels to th' sea, projooces wan oom iv ilicthricity. An oom, Hinnissy, is about th' equivalent iv a quart iv th' ilicthrical flood. Does that sound right? No, faith, it don't. I niver see Niag'ra Falls, but I don't like to think iv it as a lamp-lighter tearin' round with a laddher an' a little torch. I don't believe in makin' light iv th' falls. Ye heerd th' joke. 'T is mine, Hinnissy. Others made it befure me, but I made it las'. Th' las' man that makes a joke owns it. That's why me frind, Chancy Depoo, is such a humorist.

"An' I don't care how th' lights ar-re made, annyhow, whether be th' wather that r-runs over th' falls or be a man with a monkey-wrench in a power-house. What I'd like to see is th' light whin it's made. Hogan seen it, an' he says it makes th' moon look like a dark lanthern. They speak iv th' sun in Buffalo th' way a motorman on a trolley line wud shpeak iv a horse-car. 'Th' sun is settin' earlier,' says he to Connors, th' thruckman that was towin' him. 'Since th' fair begun,' says Connors, 'it has n't showed afther eight o'clock. We seldom hear iv it nowadays. We set our clocks be th' risin' an' settin' iv th' lights.' Siv'ral people spoke to Hogan about th' lights.

He says he thought Connors made thim be th' way he talked, but he come to th' con-clusion that all his frinds had lint thim to th' fair an' wud take thim home whin 't was over an' put thim up in th' back parlor."

"Hogan has been there, has he?"

"Faith, he has. He seen it all. He wint down there las' week, an' says he befure he left: 'A man,' he says, 'must keep abreast iv th' times,' he says, 'an' larn what mechanical science is doin' f'r th' wurruld,' he says. So he put his year's earnin's in his vest-pocket an' started f'r Buffalo. Martin Casey's daughter, th' school-teacher, th' wan that wears th' specs, wint th' nex' day. ''T is a gr-reat idjicational exhibit,' says she. 'I 'm inthrested in th' study iv pidigogy.' 'Mary,' says I, 'what 's that?' I says. ''T is th' science iv teachin',' she says, 'an' I hear they 've a gr-rand pidigogical exhibit there,' she says. 'I 'm takin' along me note-book an' I will pick up what bets Petzalootzi, th' gr-reat leader iv our pro-fission, has over-looked,' she says. She 's a smart girl. She knows hardly a wurrud that ye 'd undhershtand, Hinnissy. 'Well,' says I, 'I hope 't will make a betther third-grade teacher iv ye,' I says. 'But if ye miss Petzalootzi an' wandher into th' Indyan village be chanst,' says I, 'don't be worrid,' I says. 'A little knowledge iv th' Soos an' th' Arrypahoos an' their habits,' I says, 'is not a bad thing f'r anny wan that has to larn Chicago childher,' I says.

"Hogan come back yisterday an' he sat in this very chair an' tol' me about it. 'How was th' arts an' sciences?' says I. 'Fine,' says he. 'I tell ye th' wurruld is makin' gr-reat pro-gress. An' th' Midway! Well, don't say a wurrud.' 'Did ye go to th' Agaricoolchooral Buildin'?' says I. 'Well, no,' he says. 'I missed that. Connors was goin' to take me there whin we come fr'm th' bull-fight, but I got so inthrested in th' struggle between man an' beast,' he says, 'an' time flew so fast that be th' time I got away th' punkins had gone to bed an' th' agaricoolchooral show was closed,' he says. 'But 't is a fine buildin' on th' outside, an' th' lights is wondherful. Connors says there 's twinty millyon candle-power iv lights on that buildin' alone an' he knows, f'r 't was him got Niag'ra Falls to do it,' he says. 'They was a fine show iv machinery?' says I. 'They say they has n't been such a fine show iv machinery since th' shovel was invinted,' says he. 'I was on me way there whin I thought I 'd take a look in on th' Sthreets iv Cairo, an' who d' ye think I see there? Ye 'll niver guess. Well, 't was little Ahmed ah Mamed. Ye raymimber th' small naygur that dhrove th' roan donkey whin we had a fair? Yes, sir, he was there an' he showed me th' whole thing. Not a wurrud, mind ye, to anny iv me fam'ly. So whin I come back to see th' machinery, th' dure was locked, an' I had to catch th' las' car. Oh, but 't is a handsome buildin'.

Connors tells me th' lights ——' 'Niver mind that,' says I. 'How about th' mines, th' commercial display, th' good ol' stacks iv canned stamps an' ol' docymints that th' United States govermint is thryin' to enlighten th' likes iv ye with? Did you see thim?' 'I meant to,' says he. 'I was on me way fr'm a jug iv malt in an Ol' German Village where there 's a fellow plays a picoloo in a way to make th' man that made it like it, an' I intinded to have a look at all thim what-d 'ye-may-call-ims whin a la-ad with a migaphone says right in me ear: "I mean you. This way, please. Raymimber ye may niver have another chanst. They 'se no delay an' no waitin'." An' says I to mesilf: "He knows me. Connors tol' him how I stand at home. I can't rayfuse th' honor." An' I wint in. An' here I am.' 'Ye mus' be an intillechool jint be this time,' I says. 'I know more thin I did,' says he, 'an' thim lights iv Connors ——' 'Did ye see Mary Casey?' says I. 'I did,' says he. 'Where?' says I. 'On a camel,' says he. 'Was she with Petzalootzi?' says I. 'With who?' says he. 'With Petzalootzi, th' gr-reat master iv th' science iv pidigogy,' says I. 'No,' says he. 'I think his name is Flannigan. He used to wurruk f'r th' Mitchigan Cinthral,' says he.

"An' there ye ar-re again, Hinnissy. Ye can believe me or not, but they 're all alike, man, woman or child. If I iver give a wurruld's fair, they won't be much to it but

th' Midway, Th' principal buildin's will be occypied be th' Sthreets iv Cairo, th' Indyan village, th' shoot-th'-shoots, th' loop-th'-loops an' similar exhibits iv what man is doin' not f'r mankind but f'r himsilf. They 'll all be in th' main sthreet, an' they 'll be bands playin' an' tom-toms beatin' an' Egyptian girls dancin' an' Indyans howlin' an' men hootin' through migaphones fr'm th' minyit ye hand ye'er ticket to th' chopper at th' big gate. An' away over in a corner iv th' gr-round in a buildin' as small an' obscure as Alice Benbolt's grave, where no man 'd find it onless he thripped over it on his way to th' merry-go-round, I 'd put all th' arts an' sciences I cud pack into it an' lave th' r-rest outside where they cud wurruk. F'r a wurruld's fair is no rollin'-mills. If it was, ye 'd be paid f'r goin' there. 'T is not th' rollin'-mills an' 't is not a school or a machine-shop or a grocery-store. 'T is a big circus with manny rings. An' that 's what it ought to be."

"Why do they get thim up?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"They get thim up f'r th' advancement iv thought an' th' gate receipts," said Mr. Dooley. "But they 're run f'r a good time an' a deffycit.

"They tell me th' wan we had give an impetus, whativer that is, to archytecture that it has n't raycovered fr'm yet. Afther th' fair, ivrybody that was annybody had to go to live in a Greek temple with an Eyetalian roof an'

bay-windows. But thim that was n't annybody has f'rgot all about th' wooden island an' th' Coort iv Honor, an' whin ye say annything to thim about th' fair, they say: 'D' ye raymimber th' night I see ye on th' Midway? Oh, my!'"

"D' ye think, Mr. Dooley, they do a city anny good?" asked the practical Mr. Hennessy.

"They may not do th' city anny good, but they 're good f'r the people in it," said Mr. Dooley.

"An' they do th' city good in wan way. If a city has wan fair, it niver has to have another."

MR. CARNEGIE'S GIFT

MR. CARNEGIE'S GIFT

"TIN millyon dollars to make th' Scotch a larned people," said Mr. Dooley.

"Who done that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Andhrew Carnaygie," says Mr. Dooley. "He reaches down into his pocket where he keeps th' change an' pulls up tin millyon bawbies, an' says he: 'Boys, take ye'er fill iv larnin', an' charge it to me,' he says. 'Divvle hang th' expinse,' he says. 'Th' more th' merryer,' he says. 'A short life an' a happy wan,' he says. 'Larn annything ye like,' he says. 'Name ye'er priference,' he says, 'an' put it all down to Carnaygie,' he says.

"That's th' way we do it, Andhrew an' me. Whin other men are chasin' a bit iv loose money to th' corner iv a little leather purse to make good on a chair or a foldin' bed iv classical larnin', we ordher th' whole furniture store an' have th' bill sint up to th' house. Idjacation in Scotland has been on th' retail. Th' Scotch have been goin' in with a bag of oatmeal an' exchangin' it f'r enough larnin' to last over th' night. It's been hand to mouth with thim f'r years. Andhrew an' me propose f'r to buy idjacation f'r thim in th' bulk. Profissor,

wrap up tin millyon dollars' worth iv thought an' sind it to th' Scotch.

"Hinnissy, I don't know what's goin' to happen whin us American millyonaires begins to unbelt. It used to be that we niver knew whin we had enough. No matther how much I made I was hanted be th' fear that I'd wake up in th' mornin' an' find it all gone an' me with a pair of overalls on runnin' up a laddher with a box iv mortar on me neck. Whin ye run in an' paid me th' three millyon dollars ye owed, I was afraid to put it in a dhrawer f'r fear ye might come back afther I was gone, an' I did n't want to carry it in me pocket f'r fear I'd lose it, an' if I stuck it in a bank an' see th' prisidint ridin' in a cab, a chill wint up me back an' I dhreamed that night iv mesilf with a dinner-pail undher me arm pikin' off to th' rollin' mills just befure th' sun come up. But ye get used to money just as ye get used to poverty, Hinnissy, though niver as much used to it, fr'm th' lack iv companions, an' there come a time whin I did n't know what to do with it. I cudden't give it back to th' men I got it fr'm. They wudden't take it. Manny iv thim ar-re dead. Besides, 't is again me system. I've got into th' habit iv makin' it, but not into th' habit iv spindin' it. I can't buy things with it, f'r there's nawthin' I've larned how to buy that won't make money f'r me. I can't give it to th' poor because if they had it they wudden't be poor anny longer. Besides no

wan ought to be poor in this land iv opporchunity. As th' pote says, Opporchunity knocks at ivry man's dure wanst. On some men's dures it hammers till it breaks down th' dure an' thin it goes in an' wakes him up if he 's asleep, an' iver aftherward it wurruks f'r him as a night-watchman. On other men's dures it knocks an' runs away, an' on th' dures iv some men it knocks an' whin they come out it hits thim over th' head with an axe. But ivrywan has an opporchunity. Th' poor ar-re people that 've been out at wurruk whin opporchunity knocked. I can't do annything f'r thim. Th' poor must n't be pauperized. But I must do something to get rid iv th' accumulations iv roly boly that 's grajally crushin' out me young life, so I buys a university to play with.

"Th' day whin we millyonaires bought yachts an' brown stone houses with mansard roofs onto thim an' were proud iv havin' thim has gone by, Hinnissy. 'T will not be long befure none will be so poor as not to own a private yacht, an' th' nex' time a Coxey army starts f'r Wash'nton, it 'll ride in a specyal vestibule thrain. What was luxuries a few years ago is mere necessities now. Pierpont Morgan calls in wan iv his office boys, th' prisidint iv a naytional bank an' says he, 'James,' he says, 'take some change out iv th' damper an' r-run out an' buy Europe f'r me,' he says. 'I intind to re-organize it an' put it on a paying basis,' he says. 'Call up th' Czar an' th' Pope an' th'

Sultan an' th' Impror Willum, an' tell thim we won't need their sarvices afther nex' week,' he says. 'Give thim a year's salary in advance. An', James,' he says, 'Ye betther put that r-red headed book-keeper near th' dure in charge iv th' continent. He doesn't seem to be doin' much,' he says. Ye see, Hinnissy, th' game has got so much bigger since we first made our money that if Jay Gould was to come back to earth with some iv th' plays we used to wondher about, he'd feel like an old clothes man. So, 't is nawthin' strange whin Jawn D., or Andhrew, or mesilf, buys a string iv universities an' puts in tin millyons to teach th' young idee how to loot. Befure long we'll be racin' thim. I don't know but what 't is th' finest kind iv spoort th' wurruld has iver heerd about.

"Father Kelly don't think as much iv it as I do. He was in here las' night, an' says he: 'Ye can't buy idjacation f'r people,' he says. 'If ye cud, th' on'y man in th' wurruld that knew annything wud be Jawn D. Rockefeller,' he says. 'Idjacation,' he says, 'is something that a man has to fight f'r an' pull out iv its hole be th' hair iv its head,' he says. 'That's th' reason it's so precious,' he says. 'They'se so little iv it, an' it's so hard to get,' he says. 'They'se anny quantity iv gab that looks like it, but it ain't th' rale thing,' he says. 'Th' wurruld is full iv people wearin' false joolry iv that kind,' he says, 'but

afther they've had it f'r a long time, it tur-rns green an' blue, an' some day whin they thry to get something on it, th' pawnbroker throws thim out. No, sir, idjacation means throuble an' wurruk an' worry, an' Andhrew Carnaygie himsilf is th' on'y wan I know that's been able to pick it up in th' brief inthervals between wan dollar an' another,' he says. 'Th' smartest man in my day at th' Colledge iv th' Sacred Heart was a la-ad who used to come to school with a half a dozen biled potatoes in an ol' newspaper, an' sawed wood all evenin' to pay f'r his larnin'. Annything that boy larned, he larned, ye bet. Ivry line iv Latin he knew riprisinted a stick iv wood, an' belonged to him. 'T was n't borrowed at th' back dure iv a millyonaire. He knew more thin anny man I iver see, an' he's now at th' head iv wan iv th' best little wan room schools in Du Page County,' he says. 'Andhrew Carnaygie's tin millyons won't make anny Robert Burns,' he says. 'It may make more Andhrew Carnaygies,' says I. 'They'se enough to go round now,' says he.

"I don't know that he's right. I don't know f'r sure that Father Kelly is r-right, Hinnissy. I don't think it makes anny difference wan way or th' other how free ye make idjacation. Men that wants it 'll have it be hook an' be crook, an' thim that don't ra-aly want it niver will get it. Ye can lade a man up to th' university, but ye can't make him think. But if I had as much money as I

said I had a minyit ago, I 'd endow a bar'l iv oatmeal f'r ivry boy in Scotland that wanted an idjacation, an' lave it go at that. Idjacation can always be had, but they 'se niver enough oatmeal in Scotland."

"Or Homestead," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Or Homestead," said Mr. Dooley.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST VICE

THE CRUSADE AGAINST VICE

"VICE," said Mr. Dooley, "is a creature of such heejous mien, as Hogan says, that th' more ye see it th' betther ye like it. I'd be afraid to enther upon a crusade again vice f'r fear I might prefer it to th' varchous life iv a rayspictable liqour dealer. But annyhow th' crusade has started, an' befure manny months I'll be lookin' undher th' table whin I set down to a peaceful game iv solytaire to see if a polisman in citizens' clothes ain't concealed there.

"Th' city iv Noo York, Hinnissy, sets th' fashion iv vice an' starts th' crusade again it. Thin ivrybody else takes it up. They 'se crusades an' crusaders in ivry hamlet in th' land an' places that is cursed with nawthin' worse thin pitchin' horseshoes sinds to th' neighborin' big city f'r a case iv vice to suppress. We 're in th' mist iv a crusade now, an' there is n't a polisman in town who is n't thremblin' f'r his job.

"As a people, Hinnissy, we're th' greatest crusaders that iver was — f'r a short distance. On a quarther mile thrack we can crusade at a rate that wud make Hogan's frind, Godfrey th' Bullion look like a crab. But th' throuble is th' crusade don't last afther th' first sprint. Th' crusaders drops out iv th' procission to take a dhrink or put a little money on th' ace an' be th' time th' end iv th' line iv march is reached th' boss crusader is alone in th' job an' his former followers is hurlin' bricks at him fr'm th' windows iv policy shops. Th' boss crusader always gets th' double cross. If I wanted to sind me good name down to th' ginerations with Cap. Kidd an' Jesse James I'd lead a movement f'r th' suppression iv vice. I wud so.

"Ye see, Hinnissy, 't is this way: th' la-ads ilicted to office an' put on th' polis foorce is in need iv a little loose change, an' th' on'y way they can get it is to be negotyatin' with vice. Tammany can't raise anny money on th' churches; it won't do f'r thim to raid a gints' furnishin' sthore f'r keepin' disorderly neckties in th' window. They've got to get th' money where it's comin' to thim an' 't is on'y comin' to thim where th' law an' vile human nature has a sthrangle holt on each other. A polisman goes afther vice as an officer iv th' law an' comes away as a philosopher. Th' theery iv mesilf, Hogan, Croker, an' other larned men is that vice whin it's broke is a crime

an' whin it's got a bank account is a necessity an' a luxury.'

"Well, th' la-ads goes on usin' th' revised statues as a sandbag an' by an' by th' captain iv th' polis station gets to a pint where his steam yacht bumps into a canoe iv th' prisidint iv th' Standard Ile Comp'ny an' thin there's th' divvle to pay. It's been a dull summer annyhow an' people ar-re lookin' f'r a change an' a little divarsion, an' somebody who doesn't raymimber what happened to th' last man that led a crusade again vice, gets up an', says he: 'This here city is a verytable Sodom an' it must be cleaned out,' an' ivrybody takes a broom at it. Th' churches appints comities an' so does th' Stock Exchange an' th' Brewers' Society an' afther awhile other organizations jumps into th' fray, as Hogan says. Witnesses is summoned befure th' comity iv th' Amalgamated Union iv Shell Wurrukers, th' S'ciety f'r th' Privintion iv Good Money, th' Ancient Ordher iv Send Men, th' Knights iv th' Round Table with th' slit in th' centhre; an' Spike McGlue th' burglar examines thim on vice they have met an' what ought to be done tow'rd keepin' th' polis in nights. Thin th' man that objects to canary bur-rds in windows, sthreet-music, vivysection, profanity, expensive fun'rals, open sthreet cars an' other vices, takes a hand an' ye can hear him as well as th' others. Vice is th' on'y thing talked iv at th' church socyables an' th' mothers'

meetin's; 't is raysolved be th' Insomnya Club that now 's th' time to make a flyin' wedge again th' divvlish hurdy gurdy an' meetin's are called to burn th' polis in ile f'r not arrestin' th' criminals who sell vigitables at th' top iv their lungs. Some wan invints an anti-vice cocktail. Lectures is delivered to small bodies iv preachers on how to detect vice so that no wan can palm off countherfeit vice on thim an' make thim think 't is good. Th' polis becomes active an' whin th' polis is active 't is a good time f'r dacint men to wear marredge certy-ficates outside iv their coats. Hanyous monsthers is nailed in th' act iv histin' in a shell iv beer in a German Garden; husbands waits in th' polis station to be r-ready to bail out their wives whin they 're arrested f'r shoppin' afther four o'clock; an' there 's more joy over wan sinner rayturned to th' station thin f'r ninety an' nine that 've rayformed.

"Th' boss crusader is havin' th' time iv his life all th' while. His pitcher is in th' papers ivry mornin' an' his sermons is a directhry iv places iv amusement. He says to himsilf 'I am improvin' th' wurruld an' me name will go down to th' ginerations as th' greatest vice buster iv th' cinchry. Whin I get through they won't be enough crime left in this city to amuse a sthranger fr'm Hannybal Missoury f'r twinty minyits,' he says. That 's where he 's wrong. Afther awhile people gets tired iv th' pastime. They want somewhere to go nights. Most people ain't

vicious, Hinnissy, an' it takes vice to hunt vice. That accounts f'r polismen. Besides th' horse show or th' foot-ball games or something else excitin' divarts their attintion an' wan day th' boss crusader finds that he's alone in Sodom. 'Vice ain't so bad afther all. I notice business was betther whin 't was rampant,' says wan la-ad. 'Sure ye're right,' says another. 'I have n't sold a single pink shirt since that man Markers closed th' faro games,' says he. 'Th' theaytre business ain't what it was whin they was more vice,' says another. 'This ain't no Connecticut village,' he says. 'An' 't is no use thryin' to inthrajooce soomchury ligislation in this impeeryal American city,' he says, 'where people come pursooed be th' sheriff fr'm ivry corner iv th' wurruld,' he says. 'Ye can't make laws f'r this community that wud suit a New England village,' he says, 'where,' he says, 'th' people ar-re too uncivilized to be immoral,' he says. 'Vice,' he says, 'goes a long way tow'rd makin' life bearable,' he says. 'A little vice now an' thin is relished be th' best iv men,' he says. 'Who's this Parkers, annyhow, intherferin' with th' liberty iv th' individooal, an',' he says, 'makin' it hard to rent houses on th' side sthreets,' he says. 'I bet ye if ye invistigate ye'll find that he's no betther thin he shud be himsilf,' he says. An' th' best Parkers gets out iv it is to be able to escape fr'm town in a wig an' false whiskers. Thin th' captain iv th' polis that's been a spindin' his vacation in

th' disthrict where a man has to be a Rocky Mountain sheep to be a polisman, returns to his old place, puts up his hat on th' rack an' says, 'Garrity, if annybody calls ye can tell him to put it in an anvelope an' leave it in me box. An' if ye've got a good man handy I wisht ye'd sind him over an' have him punch th' bishop's head. His grace is gettin' too gay.'

"An' there ye ar-re, Hinnissy. Th' crusade is over an' Vice is rampant again. I'm afraid, me la-ad, that th' frinds iv vice is too sthrong in this wurruld iv sin f'r th' frinds iv varchue. Th' good man, th' crusader, on'y wurruks at th' crusade wanst in five years, an' on'y whin he has time to spare fr'm his other jooties. 'T is a pastime f'r him. But th' definse iv vice is a business with th' other la-ad an' he nails away at it, week days an' Sundays, holy days an' fish days, mornin', noon an' night."

"They ought to hang some iv thim pollyticians," said Mr. Hennessy angrily.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "I don't know. I don't expict to gather calla lillies in Hogan's turnip patch. Why shud I expict to pick bunches iv spotless statesmen fr'm th' gradooation class iv th' house iv correction."

THE NEW YORK CUSTOM HOUSE

THE NEW YORK CUSTOM HOUSE

"HANNIGAN 's back," said Mr. Dooley.

"I did n't know he 'd iver been away," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Oh, he has that," said Mr. Dooley. "He 's been makin' what Hogan calls th' gran' tower. He 's been to New York an' to Cork an' he see his rilitives, an' now he 's come home f 'r to thry to get even. He had a gran' time, an' some day I 'll get him in here an' have him tell ye about it."

"Did he bring annything back?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"He started to," said Mr. Dooley. "Befure he left Queenstown he laid in a supply iv th' stimulant that 's made th' Irish th' finest potes an' rivolutionists an' th' poorest bookkeepers in th' wurruld, an' a dozen or two iv blackthorn sticks f 'r frinds iv his on th' polis. He had a most tumulchuse v'yage. There was a man played th' accorjeen all th' way acrost. Glad he was to see th' pleasant fields iv Noo Jarsey an' th' sthreet clanin' depart-

ment's scows goin' out to sea, an' th' la-ad fr'm th' health boord comin' aboord an' askin' ivrybody did they have th' small pox an' was they convicts. There was a Rooshian on th' boat that 'd been run out iv Rooshia because he cud r-read, an' people thought he was gettin' r-ready to peg something at th' Czar, an' Hannigan an' him got to be gr-reat frinds. As they shtud on th' deck, Hannigan banged him on th' back an' says he: 'Look,' he says with th' tears r-runnin' down his cheeks. He was wanst in th' ligislachure. 'Look,' he says, 'ye poor down-throdden serf,' he says. 'Behold, th' land iv freedom,' he says, 'where ivry man 's as good as ivry other man,' he says, 'on'y th' other man don't know it,' he says. 'That flag which I can't see, but I know 't is there,' he says, 'floats over no race iv slaves,' he says. 'Whin I shtep off th' boat,' he says, 'I 'll put me box on me shouldher,' he says, 'an' I 'll be as free as anny man alive,' he says, 'an' if e'er a sowl speaks to me, I 'll give him a dhrink out iv th' bottle or a belt with th' blackthorn,' he says, 'an' little I care which it is,' he says. 'A smile f'r those that love ye, an' a punch f'r those that hate, as Tom Moore, th' pote, says,' he says. 'Land iv liberty,' he says, 'I salute ye,' he says, wavin' his hat at a soap facthry. 'Have ye declared yet?' says a man at his elbow. 'Declared what?' says Hannigan. 'Th' things ye have in th' box,' says th' man. 'I have not,' says

Hannigan. 'Th' contints iv that crate is sacred between me an' mesilf,' he says. 'Well,' says th' man, 'Ye 'd betther slide down th' companyion way or stairs to th' basement iv th' ship an' tell what ye know,' he says, 'or 't is mindin' bar'ls at th' pinitinchry ye 'll be this day week,' he says.

"Well, Hannigan is an Irish raypublican that does what he 's told, so he wint downstairs an' there was a lot iv la-ads sittin' ar-round a table, an' says wan iv thim: 'What 's ye'er name, Tim Hannigan, an' ar-re ye a citizen iv this counthry?' 'Well, Glory be to th' saints!' says Hannigan, 'if that ain't Petie Casey, th' tailor's son. Well, how ar-re ye an' what ar-re ye doin' down here?' he says. 'I 'm a customs inspictor,' says th' boy. 'T is a good job,' says Hannigan. 'I thried f 'r it wanst mesilf, but I jined th' wrong or-gan-ization,' he says. 'Step out an' have a dhrink,' he says. 'I 've a bottle iv Irish whiskey in my thrunk that 'd make ye think ye was swallowin' a pincushion,' he says. 'Sh-h,' says Petie Casey. 'Man alive, ye 'll be in th' lock-up in another minyit if ye don't keep quite. That fellow behind ye is a mannyfacthrer iv Irish whiskey in Bleecker Sthreet an' he 's hand in glove with th' administhration,' he says. 'Well, annyhow,' says Hannigan, 'I want to give ye a blackthorn shtick f 'r ye'er father,' he says. 'Lord bless me sowl!' says th' boy. 'Ye 'll lose me me job yet.

That fellow with th' r-red hair is th' principal Rahway dealer in blackthorns. His name is Schmidt, an' he 's sint down here f'r to see that th' infant industhries iv Rahway don't got th' worst iv it fr'm th' pauper labor iv Europe,' he says. With that, th' chief inspictor come up an' says he: 'Misther Hannigan,' he says, 'On ye'er wurrud iv honor as an Irish gintleman an' an American citizen,' he says, 'have ye annything in that box that ye cud 've paid more f'r in this counthry?' 'On me wurrud iv honor,' says Hannigan. 'I believe ye,' says th' chief. 'Swear him. Ye know th' solemnity iv an oath. Ye do solemnly swear be this an' be that that ye have not been lyin' all this time like th' knavish scoundhrel that ye wud be if ye did,' he says. 'I swear,' says Hannigan. 'That will suffice,' says th' chief. 'Ye look like an honest man, an' if ye 're perjured ye'ersilf, ye 'll go to jail,' he says. 'Ye 're an American citizen an' ye wudden't lie,' he says. 'We believe ye an th' sicrety iv th' threcasury believes ye as much as we wud oursilves,' he says. 'Go down on th' dock an' be searched,' he says.

"Hannigan says he wint down on th' dock practisin' th' lock step, so he wudden't seem green whin they put him in f'r perjury. I won't tell ye what he see on th' dock. No, I won't, Hinnissy. 'T is n't annything ye ought to know, onless ye 're goin' into th' dhry goods business. Hannigan says they had n't got half way to th' bottom iv

th' thrunks an' there was n't a woman fr'm th' boat that he 'd dare to look in th' face. He tur-rned away with a blush an' see his wife an' childher standin' behind th' bars iv a fence an' he started f'r thim. 'Hol' on there,' says a polisman. 'Where are ye goin'?' he says. 'To see me wife, ye gom,' says Hannigan. 'Ye can't see her till we look at what ye 've got in th' box,' says th' copper. 'Ye 'er domestic jooties can wait ontil we see about th' others,' says he. 'Ye 're a prisoner,' says he, 'till we prove that ye ought to be,' he says. With that Mrs. Hannigan calls out: 'Tim,' she says, 'Pah-pah,' she says. 'Ar-re ye undher arrest?' she says. 'An' ye promised me ye wudden't dhrink,' she says. 'What ar-re ye charged with?' she says. 'Threason,' says he. 'I wint away fr'm home,' he says. 'But that 's no crime,' she says. 'Yes it is,' says he. 'I come back,' he says.

"With that another inspictor come along an' he says: 'Open that thrunk,' he says. 'Cut th' rope,' he says. 'Boys, bring an axe an' lave us see what this smuggler has in th' box,' he says. 'What 's this? A blackthorn cane! Confiscate it. A bottle iv whiskey. Put it aside f'r ividence. A coat! Miscreent! A pair iv pants! Ye perjured ruffyan! Don't ye know ye can get nearly as good a pair iv pants f'r twice th' money in this counthry? Three collars? Hyena! A bar iv soap. An' this man calls himself a pathrite! Where did ye get that thrunk?

It looks foreign. I 'll take it. Open ye'er mouth. I 'll throuble ye f 'r that back tooth. Me man,' he says, ' Ye have taken a long chanst,' he says, ' but I won't be hard on ye. Ye 'll need clothes,' he says. ' Here 's me card,' he says. ' I 'm an inspictor iv customs on th' side, but th' govermint really hires me to riprisint Guldenheim an' Eckstein, shirt makers, be appintmint to th' cabinet, an' Higgins an' Co., authors iv th' Durable Pant. A good pant. If ye want annything in our line, call on our store. No throuble to take money.'

" Hannigan wint out an' found Honorya an' th' childher had gone off f 'r to get a bondsman. Thin he tur-rned an' called out to th' inspictor: ' Look here, you!' ' What is it?' says th' man. ' Ye missed something,' says Hannigan. ' I was tattooed in Cork,' he says. ' Stop that man,' says th' head iv a ladin' firm iv tattooers an' prisidint iv th' society f 'r th' Protection iv American Art, If Such There Be. ' Stop him; he 's smugglin' in foreign art!' he says. But Hannigan bate him to th' sthreet car. An' that was his welcome home.

" ' Call me Hanniganoffski,' says he las' night. ' I 'm goin' to Rooshia,' he says. ' F 'r to be a slave iv th' Czar?' says I. ' Well,' says he, ' if I 've got to be a slave,' he asys, ' I 'd rather be opprissed be th' Czar thin be a dealer in shirt waists,' he says. ' Th' Czar ain't so bad,' he says. ' He don't care what I wear undherneath,' he says."

"Oh, well, divvle mend Hannigan," said Mr. Hennessy. "It 's little sympathy I have f'r him, gallivantin' off acrost th' ocean an' spindin' money he arned at home. Annyhow, Hannigan an' th' likes iv him is all raypublicans."

"That 's why I can't make it out," said Mr. Dooley. "Why do they stick him up? Maybe th' sicrety iv th' threeasury is goin' in to what Hogan calls th' lingery business an' is gettin' information on th' fashions. But I wondher why they make thim swear to affidavits."

"'T is wrong," said Mr. Hennessy. "We 're an honest people."

"We are," said Mr. Dooley. "We are, but we don't know it."

SOME POLITICAL OBSERVATIONS

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"WAS ye iver in Noo York?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"I wint through there wanst," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, ye're lucky 't was ye done th' goin' through," said Mr. Dooley. "'T is not th' expeeryence iv most iv our westhren plutocrats. But it must be th' fine place f'r pollytics. 'T is manny years since I took an active part in that agrable game beyond stickin' up th' lithygrafts iv both th' distinguished lithygrafters that was r-runnin' f'r office in me front windowe. But if I had a little liquor store down in Noo York, I'd be in pollytics up to me chin. I wud so. Out here th' floaters is all bums. Down there th' floaters ar-re all mimbers iv th' Club. Out here we have to pay thim two dollars apiece at important ilictions f'r aldhermen an' wan dollar whin some minor officer like prisidint is bein' ilicted. Down there all we have to do is whistle in fr-ront iv a rayform club. Out here a man that often changes his shirt don't often change his

pollytics. A man's in th' same party till he takes th' broad jump — an' sometimes aftherward, f'r most iv th' people in this ward wud die befure they'd be burrid be a raypublican undertaker. Down there a man has a r-right to change his mind if he has a mind to change it, d'ye mind, Hinnissy.

"An' 't is down there th' boys gets a clutch on th' green. A Chicago pollytician in Noo York wud be like a short change man from a dime museem box-office at a meetin' iv th' Standard ile comp'ny. Ye 've seen thim out here at th' con-vintions with their tall bonnets on th' side iv their heads, swallow-tail coats ivry night, 'Boy, a pail iv champagne.' Oh, th' fine men! Whin I re-read about thim in th' pa-apers, I think I 'm in fairy land. What th' divvle do they care f'r anny wan? Th' back iv th' hand an' th' sowl iv th' fut to wan an' siv'ral. Divry, Carroll, 'Tim' Soolyvan, Moxy Freeman, — splindid men with money to throw at th' bur-rds, but th' game law in force. Fine sthrong American citizens, an' Jew men, with their hand on th' pulse iv the people an' their free forearm again th' wind-pipe. Glory be, why have n't we their likes here?

"An' Croker. They 'se th' boy f'r me money, or wud be if he knew that I had it. He 's th' boy f'r anny man's money. He knows th' game. They 'se as much diff'rence between th' hand-shakin', 'What 'll-ye-have-boys' pollytics

an' th' rale article as there is between checkers an' murdher. He 's lile to his frinds, but he has no frinds. He 's consistent but he ain't obstinate. He 's out f'r th' money an' he don't care who knows it if they 've had a part iv it thimsilves. He 's larned that they 'se a fam'ly enthrance to th' bank as well as to th' saloon. He started in life thinkin' all men was as bad as himsilf but expeeryence has con-vinced him they ar-re worse. He 's larned that men can talk thimsilves to death an' he 's willin' to let thim do it. He 's heerd iv th' bonds iv love an' frindship an feelty but he prefers a cash forfeit. He 's me ideel statesman, so far. I won't change till I find wan that can keep on gettin' it an' not cut it up with annywan. Thin I 'll turn me pitcher iv Croker to th' wall an' paint out his minichoor that I wear over me heart.

"He don't stay in this counthry much, an' I don't blame him. He goes over to England whiniver he wants to an' ye bet he ain't down in th' basemint iv th' ship listenin' to th' Eyetalyan playin' on th' accorjeen. No sir. An' whin he gets to England, he don't sleep in th' park. Ye bet ye. He 's got th' adjinin' house to th' Jook iv Cornwall an' him an' th' king can be seen anny hour iv th' afternoon on th' verandah iv th' Tower iv London talkin' it over. Well, manetime, th' people at home they begin to have delusions about thimsilves. They begin to think they 're loose whin 't is on'y that

th' chain 's lenthened. Somebody tells thim about vice an' they say, 'By Jove, let 's suppress it.' Rayformers, Hinnissy, is in favor iv suppressin' ivrything, but rale pollyticians believes in suppressin' nawthin' but ividince. A meetin' iv th' Assocyation iv Dealers in Roochin' is called, an' th' chairman declares that th' time has come to rid th' city iv th' neefaryous despot who is desthroyin' all our liberties. 'But,' says he, 'th' inimy is sthrong an' well organized,' he says. 'He is a shrewd an' raysoorceful foe. I move,' he says, 'that 't is th' sinse iv this meetin',' he says, 'that we proceed to be strong an' well organized an' a shrewd an' raysoorceful foe too. Th' ayes have it. I now propose as our candydate f'r mayor, Doctor Doocetray, pro-fissor iv Greek an' Latin in th' Univarsity. I am informed be me shippin' clerk that there ar-re manny Greeks an' Latins in whativer-th'-divvle he calls th' sthreet he lives in an' th' pro-fissor can hand it to thim in their own language. With this gallant leader at th' head iv our ticket, we can be assured iv a success that will mane that all corruption undher two-dollars an' all unlisted vice will be fearlessly punished. So let us,' he says, 'to our wurruk. I promise ye that th' mornin' iv Decimber sixth, which I am informed be th' sicrety is iliction day, will find me th' first man to vote at Newport to crush out this octopus which is sthranglin' our noble city,' he says. 'Dillygates,' he says, 'will be furnished

with slips iv pa-aper tellin' what precint they live in be th' man at th' dure,' he says.

"An' th' campaign opens. A gr-reat manny organizations rallies ar-round th' standard iv th' Pro-fissor Dooceace. They 'se th' WHY-WAS N'T-DINNIS-J.-O'SHAUGHNESSY-NOMMYNATED-F'R-SHERIFF ASSOCYATION an' th' CAN'T-CASSIDY-BREAK-IN ASSOCYATION, an' th' NAWTHIN'-HAS-COME-THIS-WAY-SO-HERE-GOES ASSOCYATION, an' th' AIN'T-TH'-GERMANS-GOIN'-TO-GET-ANNYTHING-AN'-RIDDER ASSOCYATION. They 'se anny quantity iv orators — an' none is so con-vincin' as Tityrus T. Wooley. If annywan speaks iv a dimmycrat or a raypublican holdin' a job he feels faint. His side whiskers curls up at th' suggestion iv vice. Thousan's goes to hear his clane cut, incisive orations agin th' crool an' despotic reign iv Tamm'ny. Afther Tityrus T. Wooley gets through talkin' they 'se not a man in th' party wud take an office onless he 'd voted again his own candydate f'r prisidint at laste twic't. Raypublicans goes home an' burns up th' letther Abraham Lincoln wrote their fathers, an' dimmycrats speak iv Jefferson an' Jackson undher their breaths. They 'se pitchers iv Tityrus T. Wooley as th' scoorge iv Croker in th' pa-apers an ivry time he opens his mouth, th' pool rooms closes. It begins to look 'as though Tityrus T. Wooley was not goin' to lave enough iv Tamm'ny Hall f'r a meal ticket, whin Croker comes home an' hears iv th' trouble.

"'Who 's th' worst iv thim?' says he. 'Wooley,' says they. 'What does he want?' 'He 's in favor iv non-partisanship in pollytics.' 'But what does he want?' 'He 's says that nawthin' will satisfy him but sindin' us to th' pinitinchry.' 'But what does he want?' 'An' installin' pure minded pathrites in office.' 'But what does he want?' 'An' freein' th' city iv th' rule iv corrupt organizations.' 'I know all that. But what does he want?' An' that night some wan tells Tityrus T. Wooley he 's goin' to be nommynated f'r mayor. He comes over to find out about it. 'Misther Wooley,' says th' Main Thing, ''t is th' sinse iv th' organization that ye be nommynated f'r mayor.' 'This is very sudden,' says Tityrus. 'I must have time to make up me mind. I will do it while ye 're r-readin' me letther iv acciptance. Ye will see 't is sworn to be a nothry public. But I cannot make anny pledges,' he says. 'We 'd rather not have thim,' says th' Main Thing. 'We have no manes iv handlin' glass ware,' he says. 'I will go into office without anny conditions,' says Tityrus. 'Sure,' says th' Gov'nor. 'Ye 'll find th' conditions on th' desk. Besides,' he says, 'bad as ye want this job, ye 'll want th' nex' wan worse,' he says. An' th' nex' day they 'se a letther in th' pa-aper in which Tityrus T. Wooley announces that as his on'y purpose in pollytics was to injooce th' ancient an' hon'rable s'ciety to nommynate a man iv high character an' spotless repyta-

tion, he feels he can no longer oppose it. That afthernoon ye can put a dollar on a horse in th' rooms iv th' Wooley an' Purity League. Yes, sir, they 're gr-reat people, thim Tamm'ny men."

"How do they do it?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "nearly all th' most foolish people in th' counthry an' manny iv th' wisest goes to Noo York. Th' wise people ar-re there because th' foolish wint first. That 's th' way th' wise men make a livin'. Th' easiest thing in th' wurruld is th' crather that 's half-on, an' mos' iv th' people down there are jus' half-on. They 'se no more crooked people there thin annywhere else but they 'se enough that wud be ashamed to confiss that they were n't crooked, to give a majority. That 's where our la-ads have th' others beat."

"They may slip up," said Mr. Hennessy.

"They 're li'ble to wanst in a while," said Mr. Dooley. "But 't is wan iv th' chances iv war. A rayformer thries to get into office on a flyin' machine. He succeeds now an' thin, but th' odds are a hundherd to wan on th' la-ad that tunnels through."

YOUTH AND AGE

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"I SEE that Tiddy —" Mr. Dooley began.

"Don't be disrayspictful," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I'm not disrayspictful," said Mr. Dooley. "I'm affictionate. I'm familyar. But I'm not disrayspictful. I may be burned at th' stake f'r it. Whiniver annything happens in this counthry, a comity iv prom'nent business men, clargymen an' colledge pro-fissors meets an' raysolves to go out an' lynch a few familyar dimmycrats. I wondher why it is th' clargy is so much more excitable thin anny other people. Ye take a man with small side whiskers, a long coat an' a white choker, a man that wudden't harm a spider an' that floats like an Angel iv Peace as Hogan says, over a mixed quartette choir, an' lave annything stirrin' happen an' he'll sind up th' premyums on fire insurance. Lave a bad man do a bad deed an' th' preachers is all f'r quartherin' ivrybody that can't recite th' thirty-nine articles on his head. If somebody starts a fire, they grab up a can iv karasene an' begin f'r to burn down th' block. 'T is a good thing preachers don't go to Congress. Whin they're ca'm they'd wipe out all th' laws an' whin they're

excited, they'd wipe out all th' popylation. They're niver two jumps fr'm th' thumbscrew. 'T is quare th' best iv men at times shud feel like th' worst tow'rd those between.

"But annyhow, I see that Tiddy, Prisidint Tiddy,—here's his health—is th' youngest prisidint we've iver had, an' some iv th' pa-apers ar-re wondherin' whether he's old enough f'r th' raysponsibilities iv th' office. He is n't afraid, but a good manny ar-re, that a man iv on'y forty-two or three, who has n't lost a tooth, an' maybe has gained a few, a mere child, who ought to be playin' mibs or 'Run, sheep, run,' at Eyesther Bay, will not be able f'r to conduct th' business iv Gover'mint with th' proper amount iv infirmity. Some day whin th' cab'net hobbles in to submit a gr-reat quistion iv foreign policy, th' prisidint 'll be out in th' back yard performin' at knock up an' catch with his sicrety. Whin he wants to see a foreign ambassadure, he won't sind f'r him an' rayceive him standin' up with wan hand on th' Monroe docthrine an' th' other on th' map iv our foreign possissions, but will pull his hat over his eyes an' go ar-round to Lord Ponsyfoot's house an' whistle or call out, 'Hee-oo-ee.' He 'll have a high chair at th' table an' drink th' health iv his guests in milk an' wather; he 'll outrage th' rools iv diplomacy be screamin' 'fen ivrythings' whin th' Chinese ministher calls, an' instead iv studyin' th' histhry iv our

counthry, he'll be caught in a corner iv th' White House, peroosin' th' histhry iv Shorty in Sarch iv his Dad. I suppose we'll have th' usu'l diffyculties with him,—makin' him comb his hair an' black th' heels iv his boots an' not put his elbows on th' table, an' not reach or pint, an' go to bed afther supper an' get up in time f'r breakfast, an' keep away fr'm th' wather an' cut out cigreets an' go back to his room an' thry behind th' ears. But what can ye expict fr'm a kid iv forty-two?"

"I wondher sometimes, Hinnissy, whin is a man old enough. I've seen th' age limit risin' iver since I wint into public life. Whin I was a young la-ad, a fellow wud come out iv colledge or th' rayform school or whativer was his alma mather, knock down th' first ol' man in his way an' leap to th' fr-ront. Ivry time school let out, some aged statesman wint back like Cincinnati to his farm an' was glad to get there safe. Ye cud mark th' pro-gress iv youth be th' wreck iv spectacles, goold-headed walkin' sticks, unrale teeth, an' pretinded hair. Th' sayin' was in thim days, ol' men f'r th' crossin', young men f'r th' cab. Whin ol' age discinded like a binidiction on a man's head, we put a green flag in his hand an' gave him a good steady job as assistant to an autymatic gate. Age is gr-reat, Hinnissy, as a flagman. It saves th' thrucks an' drays iv life fr'm gettin' in th' way iv th' locymotives. But it don't stop th' locymotives. They

come too fast. Fifteen or twinty years hince, whin I become machure, I can tell ye ivrything nearly ye ought n't to do but nawthin' ye ought to do.

"In th' ol' days, a man was a man whin he voted — at twinty-wan in Boston, at eighteen in th' sixth war-rd. I r-read in this pa-aper that 't was even more so befure me time. Alexandher th' Gr-reat was on'y foorteen whin he conkered Boolgahrya, Cæsar was jus' fr'm business colledge whin he put Mark Antony out iv th' business. Frederick th' Gr-reat was in skirts whin he done whativer he done an' done it well. Fox an' Pitt, if I have th' names r-right, was in compound fractions whin they wint into th' council. Why, Hinnissy, I was hardly thirty-five whin I accipted th' prisidincy iv this establishment with all its foreign complications an' rivinoo problems! A man iv thirty was counted machure, a man iv forty was looked on as a patriarch an' whin a man got to be fifty, th' fam'ly put his chair in th' corner an' give him th' back bedroom. I had it all fixed to make me millyion at thirty an' retire. I don't raymimber now what happened to me between twinty-nine an' thirty-wan.

"But nowadays, be hivins, a man don't get started till he 's too old to run. Th' race iv life has settled down to something between a limp an' a hobble. 'T is th' ol' man's time. An orator is a boy orator as long as he can speak without th' aid iv a dintal surgeon; an acthor is a

boy acthor until he's so old he can't play King Lear without puttin' a little iv th' bloom iv youth on his cheeks out iv th' youth jar; a statesman that can't raymimber what Bushrod Wash'nton thought about th' Alyen an' Sedition law belongs in th' nurs'ry. I look ar-round me at th' pitchers iv gr-reat men in th' pa-aper an' greatness manes white whiskers. There's no such thing as age. If Methuselah was alive, he'd be captain iv a football team. Whin a man gets to ninety, he's jus' beginnin' to feel sthrong enough f'r wurruk. Annybody that thries to do annything befure he's an oncomfortable risk f'r th' life insurance comp'ny is snubbed f'r youthful impertinence. 'A new lithry light has appeared on th' lithrachoor horizon. Although on'y eighty-two, his little story iv "An afthernoon with Prudy" shows gr-reat promise. We hope he will some day do something worthy iv him.' 'Keokuk H. Higbie has been ilicted prisidint iv th' G. O. an' L. system to take th' place iv Lamson N. Griggs who has become head coach iv th' Cintinaryan Athletic club. Mr. Higbie has had a meteeyoric career, havin' risen in less thin eighty years fr'm th' position iv brakeman to be head iv this gr-reat system. Youth must be sarved.' 'A vacancy is expicted in th' supreme coort. Misther Justice Colligan will cillybrate his wan hundherd an' fiftieth birthday nex' month an' it is ixpected he will retire. That august body becomes more an' more joovenile ivry year,

an' there is danger it will lose th' rayspict iv th' naytion. Manny iv th' mimbers was not prisint whin th' constitution was signed an' don't know annything about it.'

"So it goes. Mind ye, Hinnissy, I don't object. 'T is all r-right in me hand, f'r, though far fr'm decrepit, barrin' th' left leg, I 'm old enough to look down on Prisidint Tiddy if I did n't look up to him. If I was as old as I am now whin I was as young as I was befure th' war, I 'd be shy ivry time I see a man come into th' pasture with a bag an' an axe. They say rayspict f'r ol' age is gone out. That may be thrue, but if 't is so, 't is because us ol' la-ads is still doin' things on th' thrapeze. I don't want anny man's rayspict. It manes I don't count. So whin I come to think it over, I agree with th' pa-apers. Prisidint Tiddy is too young f'r th' office. What is needed is a man iv — well, a man iv my age. An' I don't know as I 'm quite ripe enough. I 'm goin' out now to roll me hoop."

"Go on with ye," said Mr. Hennessy. "Whin do ye think a man is old enough?"

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "a man is old enough to vote whin he can vote, he 's old enough to wurruk whin he can wurruk. An' he 's old enough to be prisidint whin he becomes prisidint. If he ain't, 't will age him."

ON WALL STREET

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"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I see th' Titans iv Finance has clutched each other be th' throat an' engaged in a death sthruggle. Glory be, whin business gets above sellin' tinpinny nails in a brown paper cornucopy, 't is hard to tell it fr'm murther."

"What 's a Titan iv Fi-nance?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"A Ti-tan iv Fi-nance," said Mr. Dooley, "is a man that 's got more money thin he can carry without bein' disordherly. They 'se no intoxicant in th' wurruld, Hinnissy, like money. It goes to th' head quicker thin th' whiskey th' dhruggist makes in his back room. A little money taken fr'm frinds in a social way or f'r th' stomach's sake is not so bad. A man can make money slowly an' go on increasin' his capacity till he can carry his load without staggerin' an' do nawthin' vilent with a millyon or two aboord. But some iv these la-ads has been thryin' to consume th' intire output, an' it looks to me as though 't was about time to call in th' polis. 'T is like whin Scaldy Quinn an' Scrappy Burke, two Titans at rough-an'-

tumble, comes in here to glory in their strenth over th' bottle, an' Burke puts up a kag iv beer with wan hand an' Quinn bets he can toss th' cabur further thin anny man on th' road, and wan wurrud leads to another, an' all wurruds leads to a fight. 'I'm th' gr-reatest consolidator in th' wurruld,' says Scaldy Harriman, 'I've consolidated th' U. P., th' K. R. & L., th' R. O. & T., th' B. U. & M., an' th' N. & G.,' says he. 'I've a line iv smoke reachin' fr'm wan ocean to th' other,' he says, 'I'm no ordin'ry person,' he says. 'I'm not a banker lindin' other people's money at six per cint., or a railroad prisidint haulin' hogs to market,' he says. 'I'm a Titan,' he says. 'If ye don't believe it, see th' pa-apers,' he says, 'an' ask me,' he says. 'I'm a Titan an' I'm lookin' f'r throuble,' he says, 'an' here it comes,' he says. 'You a consolidator?' says Scrappy Morgan. 'Why,' he says, 'ye cudden't mix dhrinks f'r me,' he says. 'I'm th' on'y ruffyan consolidator in th' gleamin' West,' he says. 'I've jined th' mountains iv th' moon railway with th' canals iv Mars, an' I'll be haulin' wind fr'm the caves iv Saturn befure th' first iv th' year,' he says. 'I'm a close an' free mixer,' he says. 'Titan, says ye? I'm all th' Titans, th' U. S. Titan company consolidated, an' I've bonded th' strenth iv me back an' put out five hundred millyons iv stock iv th' power iv me mighty arms,' he says. 'I've belted th' wurruld with steel an' I think to mesilf

I 'll now belt you,' he says. An' they closely embrace. What happens, says ye? Well, th' big la-ads is sthrong and knows how to guard, and whin they 're spread out, small harm has come to thim. But th' little dhrunk financeers that 're not used to th' flowin' dividend an' th' quick profit that biteth like a wasp an' stingeth like an adder, th' little la-ads that are carryin' more thin they can hold an' walk, are picked up in pieces. An' as f'r me, th' innocint man that let the two burlies into me place to riot, I 've got to make a call on th' furniture dealers in th' mornin'. That 's what Hogan calls, Oh, Fi-nance. Oh, Fi-nance, as Shakespeare says, how manny crimes are committed in thy name!

"'T was a fine spree while it lasted, Hinnissy. Niver befure in th' histhry iv th' wurruld has so manny barbers an' waiters been on th' verge iv a private yacht. Th' capitalist that tinded to th' wants iv th' inner Jawn W. Gates lost his job at the Waldorf-Astorya f'r lettin' his diamond studs fall into a bowl of soup that he was carryin' to a former mimber iv th' chambermaid staff that had found a tip on Northern Passyfic on th' flure iv Jim Keene's room, an' on retirin' offered to match th' proprietor f'r th' hotel. Th' barber in th' third chair cut off part iv th' nose iv th' prisident iv Con and Foundher whin A. P. wint up fourteen pints. He compromised with his victim be takin' a place on th' boord iv th' comp'ny. Th'

effect iv th' boom on th' necessities iv life, like champagne an' race horses an' chorus girls, common and preferred, was threemenjous. It looked f'r a while as though most iv th' meenyal wurruk iv th' counthry would have to be done be old-line millyionaires who 'd made their money sellin' four cints worth iv stove polish f'r a nickle. But it 's all past now. Th' waiter has returned to his mutton an' th' barber to his plowshare. Th' chorus girl has raysumed th' position f'r which nature intinded her, an' th' usual yachtin' will be done on th' cable cars at eight a. m. and six p. m., as befure. The jag is over. Manny a man that looked like a powdher pigeon a month ago looks like a hunchback to-day.

"It 's on'y a few days since I see be th' pa-apers that Tim Mangan, th' bootblack at th' Alhambra Hotel had made a small fortune in stocks. It seems he used to polish th' pedals f'r a Titan iv Fi-nance, that f'r lack iv any other kind iv a tip, gave him wan on th' market. All Tim's frinds is delighted with his good luck. He said farewell to thim las' night at a bankit in th' Dead Fall resthrant. Mr. Orestes L. Hicks, th' bull leader, was prisint and pinted out Tim as an example iv what a young man cud do be close application an' industhree an' gamblin'. He predicted he wud shine in th' wurruld iv finance as he had in a more humbler, but not less hon'rable spare. (Laughter an' cheers.)

"Thin I read that Timothy Mangan, wanst a bootblack at th' Alhambra Hotel, is supposed to be long a large block iv D. O. P. & E. After that I see that Timothy E. Mangan, who will be kindly raymimbered be pathrons iv th' Alhambra Hotel, has been conspicuous in the sthreet, an' is head iv a pool to consolidate th' Egg, Oysther an' Pie plants iv th' counthry. Th' nex' week 't was T. Emmett Mangan was seen las' night at th' Waldorf-Astorya, where he was histin' in milk punches with his frind Orestes L. Hicks. Mr. Mangan is a firm believer in th' future iv stocks. 'Th' counthry was niver so prosperous,' he says. 'Th' banks are well protected an' money is so aisy as to be almost uncomfortable,' he says. 'We ar-re goin' to a three per cint basis,' he says, 'or even less,' he says. 'Some stocks won't pay annything,' he says, 'if shares like S. N. A. & P., which pay on'y six per cint, ar-re worth two hundherd, shares that don't pay annything are equally as good, f'r what th' divvle is six per cint whin the counthry is so prosperous? Waiter,' said th' dashin' young millyionaire, 'bring this journalist a hogshead iv champagne wine an' ordher me gilt coach an' twelve horses f'r five o'clock. I'm goin' to buy th' front window iv a joolry store f'r Mame,' he says. 'Ye can keep th' change,' he says. 'I don't wan't ye-er money,' says th' waiter haughtily, throwin' down th' hundherd dollar bill. 'Who ar-re ye?' says Mister Mangan, cur-

yously. 'I 'm the bull leader in Amalgamated Hair,' says th' man, 'an' I 'm on'y hangin' r-round here ontil th' boord iv directors gets off watch at th' bar an' comes in f'r to hold th' semi-anooal meetin',' he says. Th' two gr-reat fi-nanceers, afther makin' an agreement to race their yachts nex' week, shook hands corjally, an' Misther Mangan, havin' been helped on with his red plush overcoat be th' Prisidint iv th' Ump Naytional Bank, was escorted to th' dure be th' vice prisidint of th' Gum combine, who had on'y an hour befure handed in his resignation as chief bell-boy.

"That 's the las' I 'll hear iv Tim Mangan in th' newspapers, onless he 's took up be th' polis. I have n't had me boots blacked f'r siveral Sundahs because it has n't been rainin', an' besides I did n't want to disthract anny iv our ladin' financeers fr'm their jooties to the wealth iv th' nation. But if 't will give ye anny satisfaction to have thim pumps iv ye-ere's japanned be a former bull leader, ye can go down to th' Alhambra Hotel an' 't will be properly done f'r five cints common, tin preferred. It 's not as good a shine as it was six months ago. Wanst a man looks at a ticker, he can't see sthraight f'r some time. I 'm goin' to black me own boots an' shave mesilf till th' effects iv the boom wears off. But Tim will get back to his speed afther awhile, an' some Saturdah night, he will lay out fifty cints in two gallery seats, an' him an' th'

little laundhress, that he knew befure th' boom began, can admire what 's left iv th' front window iv th' joolry store in th' back row iv th' chorus."

"Well, poor boy, 't is too bad," said Mr. Hennessy, the man of sentiment.

"It is so," said Mr. Dooley. "But crazy come, crazy go."

COLLEGES AND DEGREES

COLLEGES AND DEGREES

"I SEE," said Mr. Dooley, "that good ol' Yale, because it makes us feel so hale, dhrink her down, as Hogan says, has been cillybratin' her bicintinry."

"What 's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"'T is what," said Mr. Dooley, "if it happened to you or me or Saint Ignatyus Colledge 'd be called our two hundherdth birthday. From th' Greek, bi, two, cintinry, hundherd, two hundherd. Do ye follow? 'T is th' way to make a colledge wurrud. Think iv it in English, thin think it back into Greek, thin thranslate it. Two hundherd years ago, Yale Colledge was founded be Eli Yale, an Englishman, an' dead at that. He did n't know what he was doin' an' no more did I till I r-read iv these fistivities. I knew it nestled undher th' ellums iv New Haven, Connecticut, but I thought no more iv it thin that 't was th' name iv a lock, a smokin' tobacco an' a large school nestlin' undher th' ellums iv New Haven where ye sint ye'er boy if ye cud affoord it an' be larned th' Greek

chorus an' th' American an' chased th' fleet fut ball an' th' more fleet aorist, a spoort that Hogan knows about, an' come out whin he had to an' wint to wurruk. But, ye take me wurrud f'r it. Yale 's more thin that, Hinnissy. I get it sthraight fr'm th' thruthful sons iv Yale thimsilves that if it had n't been f'r this dear bunch iv dormitories nestlin' undher th' ellums iv New Haven, our beloved counthry an' th' short end iv th' wurruld too, might to-day be no betther thin they should be. Ivry great invintion fr'm th' typewriter to th' V-shaped wedge can be thraced to this prodigal instichoochion. But f'r Yale, we 'd be goin' to Europe on th' decks iv sailin' vessels instead iv comin' away in th' steerage iv steamships or stayin' at home; we 'd be dhrivin' horses, as manny iv th' unlarned iv us do to this day instead iv pushin' th' swift autymobill up hill; we 'd be writin' long an' amusin' letters to our frinds instead iv tillyphonin' or tillygraftin' thim. Listen to what me classical assocyate Misther Justice Brewer, iv th' supreme coort, '68 — that was th' year he got his ticket out — says about our alma mather.

"'Two hundherd years ago,' he says, 'Yale had sivin pro-fissors an' forty books; to-day she has sivin hundherd pro-fissors an' near three hundherd thousan' volumes iv lore. Annywan that takes an inthrest in these subjects can verify me remarks be applyin' to th' janitor f'r th' keys. I am more consarned with th' inflooence iv Yale

on th' mateeryal affairs iv th' wurruld. Whin this beautiful colledge first begun to nestle undher th' ellums iv New Haven, ships were propilled be th' wind; our vehicles were dhrawn be th' ox, th' horse, th' wife, th' camel, th' goat, th' Newfoundland dog, th' zebra. Th' wind,' he says, 'blows no more lustier now thin it did whin Paul was tossed about th' Mediterranyan be th' tumulchuse what's-its-name. Th' ox an' th' horse has grown no sthronger, I assure ye, thin whin Abraham wint forth fr'm his father's house. But if Paul was livin' to-day, he wud go to Rome be th' Rome an' Tarsus thransportation line, first-class. I don't know where he 'd get th' money but he 'd find it somewhere. He 'd go to Rome first-cabin an' whin he was in Rome, he wud, as Prisidint Hadley's frind Cicero wud say, do as th' Romans do. So be Abraham. Ye can undherstand fr'm this brief sketch what Yale has done. She has continyed to nestle undher th' ellums iv New Haven an' th' whole face iv th' wurruld has been changed. Ye will see th' value iv nestlin'. I wud apply th' method to thrusts. Iv all th' gr-reat evils now threatenin' th' body politic an' th' pollytical bodies, these crool organizations an' combinations iv capital is perhaps th' best example iv what upright an' arnest business men can do whin they are let alone. They cannot be stamped out be laws or th' decisions iv coorts, if I have annything to say about it, or hos-tile ligislachion which is too frindly.

Their desthruction cannot be accomplished be dimagogues. Miraboo, a Frinchman, wanst excited th' Frinch prolotoory to rayvolt. What good came iv it? They made France a raypublic, that 's all. But something must be done about th' thrusts. They must be desthroyed or they must not. How to do it. Th' answer is found in th' histhry iv Yale. Whin steam was discovered, she was nestlin' undher th' ellums iv New Haven. Whin th' tilly-graft was invinted, she nestled. She nestled two hundherd years ago. She is still nestlin'. I ask her sons to profit be th' example iv their almy mather an' nestle. Whin things go wrong, nestle. Whin th' counthry is alarmed, nestle. Do not attimpt to desthroy th' hateful thrusts with harsh laws or advarse ligislachion. Nestle. An' there are worse places to nestle in thin a good thrust. An' if ye feather th' nestle, it 's aisier on ye.'

"Well, sir, I think 't was good advice, an' I 'm sure, Hinnissy, that th' assimbled hayroes iv culture thought well iv their degrees whin they got thim. What 's a degree, says ye? A degree is a certyficate fr'm a ladin' university entitlin' ye to wear a mother Hubbard in spite iv th' polis. It makes ye doctor iv something an' enables ye to practise at ye'er pro-fission. I don't mind tellin' ye, Hinnissy, that if I was a law which I 'm not, I 'd have to be pretty sick befure I 'd call in manny iv th' doctors iv laws I know, an' as f'r American lithrachoor, it

don't need a doctor so much as a coroner. But annyhow degrees is good things because they livils all ranks. Ivry public man is entitled ex-officio to all th' degrees there are. An' no public or private man escapes. Ye have n't got wan, ye say? Ye will though. Some day ye 'll see a polisman fr'm th' University iv Chicago at th' dure an' ye 'll hide undher th' bed. But he 'll get ye an' haul ye out. Ye 'll say: 'I have n't done annything,' an' he 'll say: 'Ye 'd betther come along quite. I 'm sarvin' a degree on ye fr'm Prisidint Harper.' Some iv th' thriftier univarsities is makin' a degree th' alternytive iv a fine. Five dollars or docthor iv laws.

"They was manny handed out be Yale, an' to each man th' prisidint said a few wurruds explainin' why he got it, so 's he 'd know. I r-read all th' speeches: 'Kazoo Kazama, pro-fissor iv fan paintin' at th' Univarsity iv Tokeeo, because ye belong to an oldher civilization thin ours but are losin' it,' to 'Willum Beans, wanst iditor iv th' Atlantic Monthly but not now,' to 'Arthur Somerset Soanso who wrote manny long stories but some short,' to 'Markess Hikibomo Itto because he was around,' to 'Fedor Fedorvitch Fedorivinisky because he come so far.'

"An' thin they was gr-reat jubilation, an' shootin' off iv firewurruks an' pomes be ol' gradyates with th' docthors iv lithrachoor sittin' in th' ambulances waitin' f'r a

hurry call. An' thin ivry wan wint home. I was glad to r-read about it, Hinnissy. It done me heart good to feel that boys must be boys even whin they're men. An' they'se manny things in th' wurruld that ye ought to believe even if ye think they're not so."

"D' ye think th' colledges has much to do with th' progress iv th' wurruld?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"D' ye think," said Mr. Dooley, "'tis th' mill that makes th' wather run?"

THE BOOKER WASHINGTON INCIDENT

THE BOOKER WASHINGTON INCIDENT

"WHAT ails th' prisidint havin' a coon to dinner at th' White House?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"He 's a larned man," said Mr. Dooley.

"He 's a coon," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, annyhow," said Mr. Dooley, "it 's goin' to be th' roonation iv Prisidint Tiddy's chances in th' South. Thousan's iv men who wudden't have voted f'r him undher anny circumstances has declared that under no circumstances wud they now vote f'r him. He 's lost near ivry state in th' South. Th' gran' ol' commonwealth iv Texas has deserted th' banner iv th' raypublican party an' Mississippi will cast her unanimous counted vote again him. Onless he can get support fr'm Matsachoosetts or some other state where th' people don't care annything about th' naygur excipt to dislike him, he 'll be beat sure.

"I don't suppose he thought iv it whin he ast me cultured but swarthy frind Booker T. They 'd been talkin' over th' race problem an' th' Cubian war, an' th' prospects

iv th' race an' th' Cubian war, an' th' future iv th' naygro an' th' Cubian war, an' findin' Booker T. was inthrested in important public subjects like th' Cubian war, th' prisidint ast him to come up to th' White House an' ate dinner an' have a good long talk about th' Cubian war. 'Ye'll not be th' first Wash'nton that's et here,' he says. 'Th' other was no rilitive, or at laste,' says Booker T., 'he'd hardly own me,' he says. 'He might,' says th' prisidint, 'if ye'd been in th' neighborhood iv Mt. Vernon in his time,' he says. 'Annyhow,' he says, 'come up. I'm goin' to thry an experiment,' he says. 'I want to see will all th' pitchers iv th' prisidints befure Lincoln fall out iv th' frames whin ye come in,' he says. An' Booker wint. So wud I. So wud annywan. I'd go if I had to black up.

"I didn't hear that th' guest done annything wrong at th' table. Fr'm all I can larn, he hung his hat on th' rack an' used proper discrimination between th' knife an' th' fork an' ast f'r nawthin' that had to be sint out f'r. They was no mark on th' table cloth where his hands rested an' an invintory iv th' spoons after his departure showed that he had used gintlemanly resthraint. At th' con-clusion iv th' fistivities he wint away, lavin' his ilusthrees friend standin' on th' top iv San Joon hill an' thought no more about it. Th' ghost iv th' other Wash'nton didn't appear to break a soop tureen over his head. P'raps where George is he has to assocyate with manny

mimbers iv th' Booker branch on terms iv akequality. I don't suppose they have partitions up in th' other wurruld like th' kind they have in th' cars down south. They can't be anny Crow Hivin. I wondher how they keep up race supreemacy. Maybe they get on without it. Annyhow I was n't worrid about Booker T. I have me own share iv race prejudice, Hinnissy. Ne'er a man an' brother has darkened this threshold since I 've had it or will but th' whitewasher. But I don't mind sayin' that I 'd rather ate with a coon thin have wan wait on me. I 'd sooner he 'd handle his own food thin mine. F 'r me, if anny thumb must be in th' gravy, lave it be white if ye please. But this was n't my dinner an' it was n't my house an' I hardly give it a thought.

"But it hit th' Sunny Southland. No part iv th' counthry can be more gloomy whin it thries thin th' Sunny Southland an' this here ivint sint a thrill iv horror through ivery newspaper fr'm th' Pattymack to th' Sugar Belt. 'Fr'm time immemoryal,' says wan paper I read, 'th' sacred rule at th' White House has been, whin it comes to dinner, please pass th' dark meat. It was a wise rule an' founded on thrue principles. Th' supreemacy iv th' white depinds on socyal supeeryority an' socyal supeeryority depinds on makin' th' coon ate in th' back iv th' house. He raises our food f 'r us, cooks it, sets th' table an' brings in th' platter. We are liberal an' we

make no attimpt to supplant him with more intilligent an' wage labor. We encourage his industhry because we know that f'r a low ordher iv intilligence, labor is th' on'y panacee. It is no good f'r a thoughtful man. We threat him right. He has plenty to do an' nawthin' to bother him an' if he isn't satisfied he be hanged. We are slowly givin him an' idjacation. Ivry year wan or more naygurs is given a good idjacation an' put on a north bound freight with a warnin'. But whin it comes to havin' him set down at th' table with us, we dhraw th' color line an' th' six shooter. Th' black has manny fine qualities. He is joyous, light-hearted, an' aisily lynched. But as a fellow bong vivant, not be anny means. We have th' highest rayspict f'r Booker T. Wash'nton. He's an idjacated coon. He is said to undherstand Latin an' Greek. We do not know. But we know that to feed him at th' White House was an insult to ivry honest man an' fair woman in th' Sunny Southland an' a blow at white supreemacy. That must be avinged. Th' las' enthrinchmint iv socyal supeeryority in th' South is th' dinin' room an' there we will defind it with our sacred honor. We will not on'y defind our own dinin' room but ivry other man's, so that in time, if th' prisidint iv th' United States wants to ate with a naygur, he'll have to put on a coat iv burnt cork an' go to th' woodshed. Manetime we hear that th' white man in Alabama that voted f'r Rosen-

felt las' year has come out again him. Th' tide has turned.'

"So there ye are. An' f'r th' life iv me, I can't tell which is right. But I think th' prisidint's place is a good dale like mine. I believe that manny an honest heart bates beneath a plaid vest, but I don't like a naygur. Howiver, Hinnissy, if Fate, as Hogan said, had condemned me to start in business on th' Levee, I'd sarve th' black man that put down th' money as quick as I wud th' white. I feel I wudden't, but I know I wud. But bein' that I'm up here in this Cowcasyan neighborhood, I spurn th' dark coin. They'se very little iv it annyhow an' if anny iv me proud customers was f'r to see an unshackled slave lanin' again this bar, it'd go hard with him an' with me. Me frinds has no care f'r race supeeryority. A raaly supeeryor race niver thinks iv that. But black an' white don't mix, Hinnissy' an' if it wint th' rounds that Dooley was handin' out rayfrishmint to th' colored popylation, I might as well change me license. So be th' prisidint. They'se nawthin' wrong in him havin' me frind Booker T. up to dinner. That's a fine naygur man, an' if me an' th' presidint was in a private station, d'ye mind, we cud f'rget th' color iv th' good man an' say, 'Booker T. stretch ye'er legs in front iv th' fire, while I go to th' butcher's f'r a pound iv pork chops.' But bein' that I — an' th' prisidint — is public sarvants an' manny iv our customers has

onrais'nable prejoodices, an' afther all 't is to thim I've got to look f'r me support, I put me hand on his shouldher an' says I: 'Me colored frind, I like ye an' ye're idjacation shows ye 're a credit to th' South that it don't desarve, an' I wud swear black was white f'r ye; but swearin' it wudden't make it so, an' I know mos' iv me frinds thinks th' thirteenth amindmint stops at th' dure shtep, so if ye don't mind, I 'll ast ye to leap through th' dure with ye'er hat on whin th' clock sthrikes sivin.' 'T is not me that speaks, Hinnissy, 't is th' job. Dooley th' plain citizen says, 'Come in, Rastus.' Dooley's job says: 'If ye come, th' r-rest will stay away.' An' I 'd like to do something f'r th' naygur, too."

"What wud ye do?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "I 'd take away his right to vote an' his right to ate at th' same table an' his right to ride on th' cars an' even his sacred right to wurruk. I 'd take thim all away an' give him th' on'y right he needs nowadays in th' South."

"What 's that?"

"Th' right to live," said Mr. Dooley. "If he cud start with that he might make something iv himsilf."

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